

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Gems, principally from the Antique, drawn and etched by Richard Dagley, author of Select Gems, &c. With Illustrations in Verse, by the Rev. Geo. Croly, A.M. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 52. London 1822. Hurst, Robinson & Co.*

Amion was explained by the elder Glossarists to be a double Gem or Pearl united; the rarest and most precious of jewels. Such is the present volume in a literary sense, a union of Art and Poetry of rare excellence and beauty. The name is fortunately bestowed; and in the exquisite designs of the antique, the tasteful selection and execution of them by Mr. Dagley, and their admirable illustration by Mr. Croly, the public will, we think, be prone to acknowledge their gem-like elegance and lustre.

Indeed every thing is appropriate in this sweet little performance. The dedication is to Sir Charles and Lady Long; the first, one of the most eminent connoisseurs of the fine arts, and most able judges of poetical merit which the age can boast—and the last, not only a skilful critic of the works of others, but herself as accomplished an artist as our national school possesses, in the most refined and characteristic productions of the pencil. A modest tribute paid to these qualities, justly appreciated by Mr. Dagley, is followed by an advertisement, in which he acknowledges the kindness of his celebrated coadjutor in offering to write a few illustrations, and states that the subjects have been, in consequence, chiefly chosen with a view to their capability of supplying topics for poetry. A preface takes a masterly though very concise view of leading points in the history of Engraved Gems:

"The sculpture of signets was, probably, the first use of gem engraving, and this was derived from the common source of all the arts—India. Signets of lapis lazuli and emerald have been found with Sanscrit inscriptions, presumed to be of an antiquity beyond all record. The natural transmission of the arts was from India to Egypt, and our collections abound with intaglio and cameo hieroglyphics, figures of Isis, Osiris, the lotus, the crocodile, and the whole symbolic Egyptian mythology, wrought upon jaspers, emeralds, basalts, blood-stones, turquoises, &c. Mechanical skill attained great excellence at an early period. The stones of the Jewish high-priest's breastplate were engraved with the names of the twelve tribes, and of those stones one was a diamond!

"The Etruscans, a singular nation, whose existence is scarcely known but in the fragments of their arts, but who, on the faith of those fragments, must take a high rank among the polished nations of the old world, have enriched our collections with gems of a compound style. Their general shape is like the Egyptian—that of the scarabæus; and where the shape differs, the scarabæus is fre-

quently found engraved. The subjects are chiefly Greek, but of the more ancient story of Greece: the War of the chiefs at Thebes; Peleus devoting his hair; Tydeus after bathing; Theseus imprisoned by Pluto; Perseus with Medusa's head; Capaneus struck by lightning before Thebes; and Hercules bearing the tripod.

"Gem engraving was at length adopted among the arts of Greece, and reached its perfection. The genius, which has left so many wonders in the larger sculpture, was displayed with scarcely less power in those minute works; and if the statues of Greece had perished, the fame of her arts might have been sustained by the exquisite beauty of her gems.

"The Greek school has been divided into three periods:—From the time of Theodorus, the Samian, the sculptor of the celebrated emerald of Polycrates (B. C. 540,) to that of Alexander the Great;—from Alexander to Augustus;—and from Augustus to the fall of the empire.

"The characteristics of the Greek gems are grace and vigour: the figure is drawn with remarkable precision, the attitude is elegant, and the auxiliaries are finely composed: the emblems and attributes exhibit an accuracy, which implies an extraordinary degree of historical and mythological information in the class of artists, slaves as they were during a long period of the art. The Greek gems generally exhibit the figure nude—the Roman, draped: the Greek were chiefly intaglios; and when cameos were produced, they were frequently of inferior workmanship.

"A vast number of those works must have perished, but many have reached us, which make the glory of their respective cabinets."

A list, with remarks on some of the most famous specimens, is added, and the writer says—

"Those constitute but a small proportion of the names or productions of the great engravers of Greece. The art was adopted by the Romans, but with humbler skill.

"On the fall of the empire, it was feebly sustained in the darkness and tumult of the barbarian ages; but under the Medici, with the general revival of literature, it revived; and Italy supplied the most famous engravers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Germany held the next place; and Kilian, entitled the German Pyrgoteles, Pickler, and Natter, are among the ablest modern artists.

"The fondness of France for works on the scale that strikes the popular eye, has turned her skill from the minute beauty of gems. She has produced but few artists of reputation; and gem engraving in Paris seems to have nearly perished.

"The English artists hold a high rank in collections; and Simon, Reisen, Brown, Marchant, &c. have sculptured many gems of remarkable taste, spirit, and learning.

"The principal collections are foreign,

Those of Italy, greatly disturbed by the French invasion, have, in some instances, changed their names and masters."

Another list, as before, illustrates this portion of the sketch, and it thus concludes:

"The finer order of gems are seldom within the means of private purchasers; but the art of making pastes, or coloured stones, places all that constitutes the true value of the original, its story and its beauty, within the most moderate expenditure. Sulphurs and wax impressions are frequent in Italy; but the best imitations of the antique are the pastes executed by Tassie, of Leicester Square. The sculpture and tint of the gem are copied with an extraordinary fidelity. Tassie's collection, perhaps the most complete in Europe, amounts to about fifteen thousand, and comprises *fac-similes* of all the celebrated gems.

"The importance of these reliques to learned investigation, to the artist and to the amateur, to the natural and elevating indulgence felt in looking on the features of the mighty dead—deserves to make them a favourite study with the accomplished mind of England. Gems illustrate the attributes and tales of mythology, the costumes of antiquity, the fine romances of the poets, the characters of the early languages, the great historic events, and the progress of the arts: the countenances of Virgil and Mæcenas, of Cicero and Alexander, live only on gems: the Venus of Praxiteles, the head of the Phidian Minerva, the Apoxyomenos of Polycletus, that triumph of ancient statuary! are to be found only on gems: the restorations of the Venus de Medici and the Laocoon have been made from gems: they offer an endless treasure of the brilliant thoughts, and buried wisdom, the forgotten skill, and the vanished beauty, of a time when the mind and form of man reached their perfection.

"The writer of these Illustrations is too fully aware of their slightness, to expect that they will impress the public with his personal feeling of this captivating study: yet—

Μνημόσυνη και Σπουδολύπητον σφραγισα ταύτα,  
Μουσάϊ Παιδίον, κλίνει μοι ευχαίμεν!

ΧΟΛ. ΕΛΕΥ.

The gems which Mr. Dagley has chosen are twenty in number, and consist of Pericles and Aspasia, The Genius of Death, A Woman contemplating a Household God, Leonidas, Castor and Pollux, Cupid breaking the Thunderbolt, A Faun, Cupid carrying Provisions, Sappho, Diana, Genius Bound, Bacchus on a Panther, Theseus, A Triton and Nereid, Atalanta, Silenus looking at a Goblet, Venus clipping the Wings of Cupid, Flora, The Education of Bacchus, and Pindar. These he has etched slightly, but with full character and expression; and upon these Mr. Croly has exercised his genius in as many ways as the subjects are various. We copy a few examples.

The Genius of Death is beautifully represented in the Gem as a Winged Boy, his

weeping eyes covered with his left arm, and trailing a torch reversed in his right hand. The style of the illustration resembles one of our Elizabethan poets, and befits the design, being one of grace not of gloom, and of tenderness rather than of terror—

What is Death? 'Tis to be free!

No more to love, or hope, or fear—

To join the great equality:

All alike are humbled there!

The mighty grave

Wraps lord and slave;

Nor pride nor poverty dares come

Within that refuge-house, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,

And the ever-weeping eye,

Thou of all earth's kings art king!

Empires at thy footstool lie!

Beneath thee strew'd

Their multitude

Sink, like waves upon the shore;

Storms shall never rouse them more!

What 's the grandeur of the earth

To the grandeur round thy throne?

Riches, glory, beauty, birth,

To thy kingdom all have gone.

Before thee stand

The world's rous band;

Birds, heroes, sages, side by side,

Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show

Many a million for her one;

Through thy gates the mortal flow

Has for countless years roll'd on:

Back from the tomb

No step has come;

There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound

Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

What a magnificent epithet is "darkened" in the penultimate stanza.

The next piece is delicious in novelty, imagery, and expression. The Gem is of a Woman in a contemplative posture gazing at one of the Penates on an Altar—it is thus apostrophized:

Domestic Love! not in proud palace halls

Is often seen thy beauty to abide;

Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,

That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;

With hum of bees around, and from the side

Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,

Shining along thro' banks with harebells dyed;

And many a bird to warble on the wing.

When Morn' her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

O! love of loves!—to thy white hand is given

Of earthly happiness the golden key!

Thine are the joyous hours of winter's Even,

When the babes cling around their father's knee;

And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea

Melts the rude manner with thoughts of home,

Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.

Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,

And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume!

Leonidas is worthy of the name, and the Faun is a picturesque contrast; but we speed on to a great favourite with us, "Cupid carrying Provisions"—the God is laden with two baskets suspended from a pole across his shoulder, and trudging on with a heavy look towards the ground—

There was once a gentle time

When the world was in its prime;

And every day was holiday,

And every month was lovely Maye.

Cupide themne hadde but to goe  
With his purple wings and bowe;  
And in blossomed vale and grove  
Everie shepherde knelte to Love.

Thenne a rosie, dimplede cheek,  
And a blue eye fonde and meke;  
And a ringlette-wreathenne browe,  
Like hyacinthes on a bed of snowe;  
And a lowe voice silver-sweete  
From a lippe without deceipt:  
Onlie those the heartes coulede move  
Of the simple swaines to love.

But thatte time is gone and paste;  
Cande the summerre alwayes laste!  
And the swaines are wiser growne,  
And the hearte is turnede to stone,  
And the maidenhe's rose maye witherre,  
Cupide's fled, no manne knowes whither!

But another Cupide's come,  
With a browe of care and gloome;  
Fixede upon the earthlie moulde,  
Thinkinge of the sullenne golde:  
In his hande the bowe no more;  
At his backe the household store,  
That the bridelle colde muste buye;  
Uselesse nowe the smile and sighe:  
But he weares the pinion stille,  
Flyinge at the sighte of ille.  
Oh, for the olde true-love time,  
Whenne the worlde was in its prime!

The unexpected beauties of the thoughts suggested by this simple figure, and the Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus, need no commentary. The 'low voice silver sweet, from a lip without deceipt,' is quite Shakespearian. The deeply dejected head of Sappho inspires a darker tone, and it is thus fearfully described—

Look on this brow!—the laurel wreath  
Beam'd on it, like a wreath of fire;  
For passion gave the living breath,  
That shook the chords of SAPPHO's lyre!

Look on this brow!—the lowest slave,  
The veriest wretch of want and care,  
Might shudder at the lot that gave  
Her genius, glory, and despair.

For, from these lips were utter'd sighs,  
That, more than fever, scorch'd the frame;  
And tears were rain'd from these bright eyes,  
That from the heart, like life-blood, came.

She loved—she felt the lightning-gleam,  
That keenest strikes the loftiest mind;  
Life quenched in one ecstatic dream,  
The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope—the treacherous hope,  
The last, deep poison of the bowl,  
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,  
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride!  
She cast one weeping glance above,  
And buried in her bed, the tide,  
The whole concentr'd strife of Love!

Genius Bound (a demi-nude winged female with her arms bound behind her) is, however, still more to our taste, and we quote the poem with great delight—  
Glorious Spirit! at whose birth  
Joy might fill the conscious earth;  
Yet her joy be dash'd with fear,  
As at untold danger near;  
A comet rising on her gloom,  
Or to light her, or consume!

Beauty is upon thy brow!  
Such sad beauty as the bow,

Child of shower and sunbeam, wears,  
Waked, and vanishing, in tears;  
Yet to its splendid moment given  
Colours only lit by heaven.

Thou canst take the lightning's wings,  
And see the deep forbidden things;—  
With thy starry sandal tread  
On the ocean's treasure bed;  
Or make the rolling clouds thy throne;  
Height and depth to thee are one!

Prophet Spirit! thou canst sweep  
Where the unborn nations sleep;  
Or, from the ancient ages' shroud  
To judgment call their sceptred crowd:  
Earth has to thee nor birth, nor tomb—  
Nor past, nor present, nor to come.

Yet here thou sit'st, while earth and heaven  
Are to thy radiant empire given.  
Alas! I see the manacle!—  
And all thy soul has felt the steel;  
Thy wing of fire, thy beauty, vain—  
For Genius dies beneath the chain!

Theseus and Atalanta only furnish Epigrams, by way of variety, we fancy; for they are charming subjects for more exalted verse. Silexus looking at a Goblet is turned to a vivid picture—

Where is the Necromancer? Let him bring  
His treasury of charms—rich syrups—herbs  
Gather'd in eclipse, or where shooting stars  
Sow Earth with pearl: or let him call his sprites,  
Till the air thickens, and the golden noon,  
Smote by their wings, is turn'd to sudden night.  
This goblet's worth all magic: of its draught  
Let sorrow taste, anon, the lifeless lip  
Grows crimson; sullen Poverty is rich;  
The bondsman's chain is light as gossamer;  
The lover's eye, long dim with wasting tears,  
Shines brightly, and sees kneeling for a look  
The tyrant baby: Age is warm'd to Youth;  
Lean Avarice hoards no more; and crouching Fear  
Stalks giant-like: the fretted brows of kings  
Forget the feverish pressure of a crown,  
And taste as pleasant slumber as the slave's;  
That toils for't in the sun. The spell is—Wine!

Strongly are we tempted to add to these extracts; but it is enough to have stolen, from this Coronet of Gems, an Opal, a Pearl, an Emerald, a Sapphire, a Chrysolite, and a Ruby—to which we may liken the Poems that we have quoted. To readers of taste and feeling we leave the rest: only subjoining our unqualified recommendation of this work, as one of the most novel and delectable books for "a lady's chamber," as well as an embellished library, which has ever issued from the combined pencil and press.

*The History and Antiquities of the County of Northampton.* By George Baker. Part I. Folio. pp. 266. London 1822. J. Nichols & Son; Rodwell & Martin.

WE have very lately had occasion, in reviewing Lysons' *Magna Britannia* and Gage's *Hengrave*, to deliver our opinion upon the value of county histories, and the development of facts connected with general history and manners by research into private documents, such as have been brought to light in the Evelyn and Shrewsbury papers and similar collections, by which, to quote the lines of the poet (Cowper to Yardley Oak)

... We may correct, erroneous oft,  
The clock of history, facts and events  
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts  
Recovering, and mis-stated setting right.

Mr. Baker, the author of the work before us, has added another weighty obligation to the long list which we owe to the indefatigable research and industrious labour of individuals who have devoted their time to inquiries of this kind. His systematic arrangement of each parish (in the hundreds of Spello, Newbottle, Grove, and part of Fawsley, which are treated of in this volume) is deserving of the highest praise; and his zeal attracts our notice not only by its having threaded the usual maze of county history, but from its having taken a wider range of subject, and embraced many topics not commonly met with in such works. Among the dry and difficult portions of his task, we observe that no pains have been spared to render the pedigrees as copious and authentic as possible, and to give them an additional interest by not only designating whence the different male branches spring, but what families of the present day are descended from female alliances. This merit must recommend his publication greatly to the nobility and gentry of Northamptonshire; and we should have been glad to illustrate it by one of the tables (say Ferrars of Groby, p. 103-4) but the form and disposition of our sheet forbids the attempt. Neither shall we trespass on our readers with any synopsis of the work; for it cannot be expected that the annals of obscure country villages will furnish much matter of general concernment. The *plumbe* are rather incidental, and it would require a diligence like Mr. Baker's own to extract and digest them within the compass which we could allot; but there are points of more extended interest from which we may take our illustrations,—such, for example, as Althorpe the seat of the Spencers, Holdenby the temporary prison of King Charles, Ashby Ledgers the residence of Catesby the conspirator, and other remarkable places.

We shall restrict ourselves for the present, if not entirely, to some particulars of the Catesby race, of Cranford Manor, who seem, for a private family, to have figured extraordinarily in our national history:

"John de Catesby, of Ladbroke in Warwickshire, one of the commissioners appointed in that county for the suppression of unlawful assemblies in the reign of Ric. 2. In 13 Hen. 4. (1411-12) his widow, and John de Catesby her son, obtained a grant of free warren in their demesne lands of Rodburne, Ladbroke, and Shuckburgh in Warwickshire, and 'Assheby leger,' Welton, and Watford, in this county. Sir William Catesby, grandson of John, in conjunction with Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and viscount Lovell, formed the triumvirate which gave rise to the memorable distich—

"The Rat, the Cat, and Lovell our dog,  
Rule all England under the hog;"

alluding to King Richard 3rd having adopted a boar for his supporters. For this poetical libel, Collingbourne, the author, was hanged, headed, and quartered on Tower-hill. Catesby is charged with ungratefully deserting, or betraying his early patron Lord Hastings, to whose friendship he owed his introduction to the Usurper, who in the first year of his reign constituted him esquire of the body, chancellor and chamberlain of the exchequer for life, and chancellor of the marches of Wales. He obtained grants also of various forfeited manors and lucrative wardships; and, amongst other local appointments, was steward of the manors in this county belonging to the duchy of Lancaster,

master forester of Rockingham, 'justice' of Whittlebury forest, and joint constable, with viscount Lovell, of Rockingham castle. He was well versed in the law of the land, and is said to have made the judges shake at his displeasure. He followed the fortunes of his royal master to the fatal field of Bosworth, where he was taken prisoner, and three days after beheaded at Leicester. On the morning of his execution he made "a will, in which the following are passages. "This is the Will of William Catesby Esq. made the xxv<sup>th</sup> of August 1 H. 7. to be executed by my dere and welbelovyd wife, to whom I have ever be trew of my Body, putting my sole trust in her for the executing thereof for the helth of my soul, the which I am undoubted she will execute; and for my Body, when she may, to be beryed in the Church of S. Leger in Aisby, and to do such memorial for me as I have appointed by for, and to restore all land that I have wrongfully purchased, and to pay the residue of such land as I have bought truly, and to demene hit among her children and myne as she thynketh good after her discretion. I doubt not the King will be good and gracious Lord to them; for he is called a full gracious Prince, and I never offended him by my good and free Will; for God I take to my Judge I have ever loved him."—[Here he mentions the lands, &c. to be returned, and addressing his wife, adds]—"My speciall trust is in you Maistresse Margarette: and I heartily cry you mercy if I have delyd uncurteously with you; and ever pray you to live sole, all the deys of yowr life to do for my soul. And I pray my Lord of Winchester, my Lord of Worcester, my Lord of London, to help yow to execute this my Will, and they will do somewhat for me; and that Richard Freebody have his xx li. and Badby x li. or the lande at Evertons and the x li. and pray you in every place see cleerens in my soul, and pray fast, and I shall for you; and Jesu have mercy on my Soule, Amen. My Lords Stanley, Strange, and all that blood helpe, and pray for my Soule, for ye have not for my Body as I trusted in yow: and if my issue rejoyce my Land, I pray you lett Mr John Elton have the best Benefice: and my Lord Lovell come to grace, then that ye shew to him that he pray for me. And uncle John remember my Soule, as ye have done my Body, and better; and I pray you see the Sadler Hartlington be paid, and in all other places."

Attainted of treason, his lands were forfeited, and passed into the possession of Sir James Blount and Sir David Owen, but were recovered in about ten years by his son George. Robert Catesby, the conspirator, was great great grandson of this John de Catesby, and "damned to everlasting fame" as the projector of the Gunpowder Treason. His father had been tried for harbouring the Jesuits, and in his two sons, William and Robert, the family, whose root was Simon de Catesby (younger brother of Philip de Naseby, founder of Catesby Priory,) Steward to Randle Gernon, Earl of Chester in the time of Henry 1. and Stephen, became extinct.

Respecting Holdenby, or Holmby, in Newbottle Grove hundred, we find it remarked, as a striking fact, and one which "deserves to be recorded on the bead roll of Northamptonshire fame, that during the brilliant reign of Elisabeth, this county furnished the lord treasurer, and prime minister, Cecil lord Burleigh of Burleigh; the lord chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton of Holdenby and

Kirby; the chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Walter Mildmay of Apethorp; and the speaker of the house of commons, Sir Christopher Yelverton, of Easton Mauduit."

Not having in this Number room for any account of the Martyr King's imprisonment in Holdenby, we select, by way of appendix, four of the most curious epitaphs. In Great Billing, on a brass plate on a slab:—

Justinian Bracegirdle underneath this stone

Hath left his pawns of resurrection.

Who foure and fifty winters did afforde

This focke the pasture of God's heavenly word

And all his life time did employ his care

Soe to growe rich to make the poore his heyre.

Beinge charities Faythfull steward he imparts

Twelve hundred pounds to nourish Oxford artes;

Then if our God to them ops Heaven deere

That give but drops of water to the poore

Sure his wise soule laid up a treasure there

That nere shal rust who now bought Heaven

so deare

When fayth and good workes have no long con-

That faith is almost dead and good workes ended,

Obit Oct xxv. 1625.

In Brington, on Laurence Washington:

Thou that by chance or choyce

Of this hast night

Know life to death resignes

As day to night;

But as the sunns retorne

Revives the day,

So Christ shall us

Though turned to dust and clay.

Paulus Fierhus

ad fecti Pauli

nascete natus

simul acque natus

gestiens renasci

xxv post natum

dentatus die

raptim & anhelus

ad celum rediit

vii idus Februarias

MDCCLVII

In Dallington, on a slab, July 30, 1647.

Since when in part

Here Marie Hart

Hath fading lien;

Who was before

And will much more

Be Marie Greene,

The Saxon remains are exceedingly distinct in Northamptonshire. The Engravings which accompany this volume are well executed, and some of them peculiarly interesting.

Ballantyne's Novelist's Library, Vol. 1V.

Containing the Novels of Le Sage (Devil on Two Sticks; Gil Blas; Fanfulla Gonzales) and the Adventures of a Guinea, by Johnstone. London 1822. Hurst & Robinson.

Were the compressed and cheap form of these Novels nothing in their favour, the prefatory memoirs of the authors, whose productions they embrace, would entitle them to the marked praise and early notice with which we have hailed the appearance of each volume as it came from the publishers. The short but pithy histories of Le Sage and Johnstone which precede this, the fourth of the series, do not fall short of the attractions which their precursors possessed; nor indeed is it possible that the critical observations of the greatest Novelist that ever lived, upon the masters in that line who have



gone before, can be aught but highly valuable and intensely interesting. The opinions of the Author of *Waverley* upon the writings of the Author of *Gil Blas*, are a treat of no common kind.

As the Novels themselves are too universally read to afford us a chance of saying one new word touching them, we are confined by the nature of the case to the prefatory matter. And it is sufficient, though the biographical sketch of *Le Sage* sets out with the admission that

"We must on the present, as on former occasions, commence our biographical sketch of this delightful author, with the vain regret, that we can say little of his private life which can possibly interest the public. The distinguished men of genius, whom, after death, our admiration is led almost to canonize, have the lot of the holy men, who, spending their lives in obscurity, poverty, and maceration, incur contempt, and perhaps persecution, to have shrines built for the protection of their slightest relics, when once they are no more."

He was born in 1668, near Vannes, in Brittany, and lived to be near 80 years of age, as he died at Boulogne in the winter of 1746-7. His earliest efforts in Paris were directed towards the stage, but his regular comedies deservedly failed; and he abandoned the established theatres to write for the *Foire*, which were a refinement on the Puppet Shows and Exhibitions at the great Fairs of St. Laurence and St. Germain, and from which sprung the multitude of minor places of entertainment that have since contested the palm with the Monopoly Houses. For the *Foire*, he wrote above 100 pieces previous to 1738, in which year, being then 69, he produced three dramas, of which, and of their brethren, the following character is drawn—

"It has been said of *Le Sage*'s works, that no writings are more generally and widely known, than those of his which are remembered, while none are so decidedly and utterly forgotten as those which have been consigned to neglect. All the slight dramas which we have noticed, as forming so great and essential a part of the labours of his life, fall under the latter class—many have never been printed, and of those which have issued from the press, very few are now read. Nothing can be more slight than their texture. The whim of the day—any remarkable accident—any popular publication, affords a hint for the story. The airs, like those of the *Beggar's Opera*, are founded on the common popular ballads and vaudevilles, and nothing is too trivial or absurd to be admitted into the dialogue. At the same time, there occur touches both of wit, nature, and humour; as how could it be otherwise, in the slightest works of *Le Sage*? The French critics, who are indisputably the best judges, incline to think, judging from *Turcaret*, that he would have risen to eminence, had he continued to cultivate the regular comedy, instead of sinking into an occupation which he held in con-

tempt, and which he probably thought could not be too slightly executed."

The fame of *Le Sage* was, however, to be built upon another foundation; and his intimacy with Spanish literature (in which he was encouraged in early life by the Abbe de Lyonne,) enabled him to combine it so singularly with that of his own country, as to render the fabric immortal. It is finely observed on this subject:—

"The particular circumstances of Spain had given a strong cast of originality to the character of their literature. The close neighbourhood of so many petty kingdoms, so frequently engaged in intestine wars, occasioned numerous individual adventures, which could not have taken place under any one established government. The high romantic character of chivalry which was cherished by the natives, the vicinity of the Moors, who had imported with them the wild, imaginative, and splendid fictions of *Araby the Blessed*—the fierceness of the Spanish passions of love and vengeance, their thirst of honour, their unsparing cruelty, placed all the materials of romance under the very eye of the author who wished to use them. If his characters were gigantic and over-strained in the conception, the writer had his apology in the temper of the nation where his scene was laid; if his incidents were extravagant and improbable, a country in which Castilians and Arragonese, Spaniards and Moors, Mussulmans and Christians, had been at war for so many ages, could furnish historians with real events, which might countenance the boldest flights of the romance. And here it is impossible to avoid remarking, that the French, the gayest people in Europe, have formed their stage on a plan of declamatory eloquence, which all other nations have denounced as intolerable; while the Spaniard, grave, solemn, and stately, was the first to introduce on the stage all the bustle of lively and complicated intrigue;—the flight and the escape, the mask and ladder of ropes, closets, dark lanterns, trap-doors, and the whole machinery of constant and hurried action; and that with such a profusion of invention, that the Spanish theatre forms a mine in which the dramatic authors of almost all other countries have wrought for ages, and are still working, with very slight chance either of failure or detection."

We hope that the concluding remark will soon lose some of its force; for the mine alluded to may be explored by competent ability, and both the old and modern workers who have delved it for ore, not excluding *Moliere* himself, nor hardly one of our own elder dramatists, may be forced to acknowledge whence so much of their wealth was derived. Inbued with the spirit of Spain, *Le Sage*, in 1707, produced *Le Diable Boiteux*, of which it is as truly as admirably said,

"There is no book in existence in which so much of the human character, under all its various shades and phases, is described in so few words, as in the *Diable Boiteux*. Every page, every line, bears marks of that sure tact and accurate development of human weakness and folly, which tempt us to think we are actually listening to a Superior Intelligence, who sees into our minds and motives, and, in malicious sport, tears away the veil which we endeavour to interpose betwixt these and our actions. The satire of *Le Sage* is as quick and sudden as it is poignant; his jest never is blunted by anti-

cipation; ere we are aware that the bow is drawn, the shaft is quivering in the very centre of the mark. To quote examples, would be to quote the work through almost every page; and, accordingly, no author has afforded a greater stock of passages, which have been generally employed as apophthegms, or illustrations of human nature and actions; and no wonder, since the force of whole pages is often compressed in fewer words than another author would have employed sentences. To take the first example that comes: The fiends of Prodigy and of Chicanery contend for possession and direction of a young Parisian. Pillardet would have made him a *commis*, Asmodeus a debauchee. To unite both their views, the infernal conclave made the youth a *monk*, and effected a reconciliation between their contending brethren. 'We embraced,' says Asmodeus, 'and have been mortal enemies ever since.' It is well observed by the late editor of *Le Sage*'s works, that the traits of this kind, with which the *Diable Boiteux* abounds, entitle it, much more than the Italian scenes of Gherardi, to the title of the *Grenier a Sel*, conferred on the latter work by the sanction of Boileau. That great poet, nevertheless, is said to have been of a different opinion. He threatened to dismiss a valet whom he found in the act of reading the *Diable Boiteux*. Whether this proceeded from the peevishness of indisposition, under which Boileau laboured in 1707; whether he supposed the knowledge of human life, and all its chicanery, to be learned from *Le Sage*'s satire, was no safe accomplishment for a domestic; or whether, finally, he had private or personal causes for condemning the work and the author, is not now known. But the anecdote forms one example, amongst the many, of the unjust estimation in which men of genius are too apt to hold their contemporaries."

This delightful and Horatian Satire was followed by *Gil Blas*, which to name is enough—

"Few (says our excellent Critic) have ever read this charming book without remembering, as one of the most delightful occupations of their life, the time which they first employed in the perusal; and there are few also who do not occasionally turn back to its pages with all the vivacity which attends the recollection of early love. It signifies nothing at what time we have first encountered the fascination; whether in boyhood, when we were chiefly captivated by the cavern of the robbers, and other scenes of romance; whether in more advanced youth, but while our ignorance of the world yet concealed from us the subtle and poignant satire which lurks in so many passages of the work; whether we were learned enough to apprehend the various allusions to history and public matters with which it abounds, or ignorant enough to rest contented with the more direct course of the narration. The power of the enchanter over us is alike absolute, under all these circumstances. If there is any thing like truth in *Gray*'s opinion, that to lie upon a couch and read new novels was no bad idea of Paradise, how would that beatitude be enhanced, could human genius afford us another *Gil Blas*!"

Sir Walter Scott, in enumerating *Le Sage*'s merits, tells the following naïve anecdote. He, "excellent in describing scenes of all kinds, gives such vivacity to those which interest the *gourmet* in particular, that an epicure of our acquaintance used to read

\* Viz.—*Le Traître Pani*, from the Spanish of Rojas; *Don Felice de Mendocce*, from Lope de Vega; *Le Point d'honneur*, also from the Spanish; *Don Cesar Ursin*, from Calderon; *Crispin rival de son Maître*, and *Turcaret*; of which the latter two only had any success. *Crispin* is *Garrick's Neck or Nothing*; and *Turcaret* *Le Sage's* only original comedy.



certain favourite passages regularly before dinner, with the purpose of getting an appetite like that of the Licentiate Sedillo, and, so far as his friends could observe, the recipe was always successful."

In 1732, Le Sage published the *Adventures of the Chevalier de Beauchene*, a Buccaneer of that day; in 1734, *Vanillo Gonzales*, from the Spanish of Espinella; and between that period and 1740, *The Bachelor of Salamanca*, and *La Valise Trouvée*—his latest works, with the exception of a *Collection of Anecdotes, Witticisms, &c.* which closed his long literary career in 1743, when he had reached his 75th year.

Of his three sons and one daughter, the eldest and youngest sons adopted the dramatic profession, under the names of Montmenil and Pittine; the first attaining great distinction in low comedy, and the last never bursting the bounds of mediocrity, either as an actor or dramatic writer. Both died before their father, whose age was rendered comparatively happy by finding an asylum with his third son, a Canon of the Cathedral of Boulogne, and an affectionate and pious attendant in his daughter, who dedicated her life to the comfort of her parents.

His closing scene is thus interestingly described by the *Compte de Tressan*, the Commandant of the district:—

"Having learned that Mons. Le Sage, aged upwards of eighty years, with his wife nearly as old, resided at Boulogne, I was early desirous of visiting them, and of acquainting myself with their situation. I found that they lived in family with their son, a canon of the cathedral of Boulogne; and never was filial piety more tenderly occupied than his, in cheering and supporting the latter days of parents, who had scarce any other resource than the moderate revenue of the son.

"The Abbe Le Sage enjoyed the highest respect at Boulogne. His talents, his virtues, his social affections, rendered him dear to Monseigneur de Pressy, his worthy bishop, to his fraternity, and to the public.

"I have seen few resemblances more striking than that of the Abbe Le Sage to his brother Mons. de Montmenil; he had even a portion of his talents, and of his most agreeable qualities. No one could read verses more agreeably. He possessed the uncommon art of that variation of tone, and of employing those brief pauses, which, without being actual declamation, impress on the hearers the sentiments and the beauties of the author.

"I had known, and I regretted Mons. Montmenil. I entertained esteem and friendship for his brother; and the late Queen, in consequence of the account which I had to lay before her of the Abbe Le Sage's situation, and his narrow fortune, procured him a pension upon a benefice.

"I had been apprized not to go to visit Mons. Le Sage till near the approach of noon; and the feelings of that old man made me observe, for a second time, the effect which the state of the atmosphere produces in the melancholy days of bodily decline.

"Mons. Le Sage, awaking every morning so soon as the sun appeared some degrees above the horizon, became animated, acquired feeling and force, in proportion as that planet approached the meridian; but as the sun began to decline, the sensibility of the old man, the light of his intellect, and the activity of his bodily organs, began to diminish in proportion; and no sooner had

the sun descended some degrees under the horizon, than he sunk into a lethargy, from which it was difficult to rouse him.

"I took care only to make my visit at that period of the day when his intellect was most clear, which was the hour after he had dined. I could not view without emotion the respectable old man, who preserved the gaiety and urbanity of his better years, and sometimes even displayed the imagination of the author of the *Diable Boiteux* and of *Turcaret*. But one day, having come more late than usual, I was sorry to see that his conversation began to resemble the last homilies of the Bishop of Grenada, and I instantly withdrew.

"Mons. Le Sage had become very deaf. I always found him seated near a table, on which lay a large hearing-trumpet; that trumpet, which he sometimes snatched up with vivacity, remained unmoved on the table, when the nature of the visit which he received did not encourage him to hope for agreeable conversation. As I commanded in the province, I had the pleasure to see him always make use of it in conversation with me; and it was a lesson which prepared me to sustain the petulant activity of the hearing-trumpet of my dear and illustrious associate and friend, Mons. de la Condamine."

"Mons. Le Sage died in winter 1746-7. I considered it as an honour and duty to attend his funeral, with the principal officers under my command. His widow survived him but a short time; and a few years afterwards, the loss of the Abbe Le Sage became the subject of regret to his Chapter, and the enlightened society to which he was endeared by his virtues."

"The interesting account of Monsieur de Tressan having conducted Le Sage to an honoured tomb, we have but to add, that an epitaph, placed over his grave, expressed, in indifferent poetry, the honourable truth, that he was the friend of Virtue rather than of Fortune."

"In short, it is highly to the honour of Le Sage, that—differing in that particular from many of his countrymen who have moved in the same walk of letters—he has never condescended to pander to vice by warmth or indelicacy of description. If Voltaire, as it is said, held the powers of Le Sage in low estimation, such slight regard was particularly misplaced towards one, who, without awakening one evil thought, was able, by his agreeable fictions, to excite more lasting and more honourable interest than the witty lord of Ferney himself, even though Asmodeus sat at his elbow to aid him in composing *Candide* and *Zadig*."

We must defer the notice of Johnstone till our next publication.

\* Mons. de la Condamine, very deaf and very importunate, was the terror of the members of the Academie, from the vivacity with which he urged inquiries, which could only be satisfied by the inconvenient medium of his hearing-trumpet.

† Sous ce tombeau Le Sage abattu  
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune.  
S'il ne fut pas ami de la Fortune,  
Il fut toujours ami de la Vertu.

*Conversations on Mineralogy.* With Plates, engraved by Mr. and Miss Lowry from Original Drawings. In 2 Vols. 12mo. London 1822. Longman & Co.

If we were asked to point out one of the most useful elementary books that had been

published at home or abroad on the science of Mineralogy and Crystallography, we should have no hesitation in naming these *Conversations*, which reflect so much lustre on the talents of Miss Lowry, and are worthy of being placed by the side of the admirable *Conversations on Chemistry, &c.* for which the rising generation are so deeply indebted to Mrs. Marcet. Even without the so important help of specimens to fix the definitions more firmly in the young mind, the principles of this pleasing and valuable study are here so familiarly and lucidly expounded, that little exercise of intelligence beyond common diligence is requisite to make the whole clear (as the phrase goes) to the meanest capacities.

The foundation for the Crystallographical part is wisely laid on the theory of Haily, without reference to the more recent and more descriptive system of Mohs, which, however excellent, is not generally understood, nor as yet generally adopted by the leading authorities. In the classification of Minerals some novelty has been, we think, judiciously introduced; though we have still to regret the want of an acknowledged basis and consequent superstructure in this branch of the science. A still greater service has been rendered by an Appendix, containing a catalogue of the names of Minerals and their compounds, with explanations of their import, and a reference to the Greek and German roots whence they are derived. This, we believe, the first attempt of the kind in the English language, and is highly deserving of encomium. It is true that in our Copy the classical hand on which Miss Lowry relied for these derivations does not seem to have belonged to a very learned classical head, for many of them are erroneous. But it has been stated by advertisement, that errata were inserted as soon as the mistakes were discovered; and we advise the possessors of early impressions to amend them by applying for this needful appendage, which we dare say (speaking on surmise) the Publishers would supply. We may observe too, that the errors occur principally in adopting other words than the primitives, and, in some cases, wrong parts of speech in the proper originals. Thus, for example, *Harmotome* is defined to be from *ἁρμότω* (*harmotō*), to fit in; and *τμῶν* (*temno*), to cut; from the peculiar form of its crystals; whereas it is unquestionably from *αἰσος*, a joining or fitting together, and *τομή*, a cutting. Again, *Petroleum* is defined to be *πέτρος* (*petros*), a rock, and *ελαίον* (*elaion*), oil; mineral oil; instead of from *πέτρος*, a rock, and *ελαίον* oil. Two or three of the definitions are entirely mistaken; thus, *Analcime* is said to be *ἀνά* (*ana*), without, and *ἀλκή* (*alke*), force: it is very weakly electric; and *Anhydrite*, *ἀνά* (*ana*), without, and *ὕδωρ* (*hudōr*), water or moisture; a mineral which contains no water." But the former is—a priv. and *αἰσμος*, strong, with the *a* added for sound; and the latter, a priv. *ὕδωρ*, water, and *λίθος*, a stone.

But we need not dwell on what has been corrected, and what in the first instance took nothing away from the credit of Miss Lowry, from whose main and sterling portion of the work we wish we could detach such examples as would show its utility and value. But this its form denies, and we can only exhibit a mere fragment or two like the splinter of one of those substances which she so ably defines. The first Conversation ends with the following summary:

We are at present acquainted with ten earths,

four alkalis, and thirty metals. I will give you a list of their names, with those of the bases of the acids which enter into the composition of minerals, and beg that you will learn them; that I may speak of them the next time I see you.

## EARTHS.

Silica.—Alumina.—Lime.—Magnesia.—Zirconia.—Glucina.—Ytria.—Barytes.—Strontian.—Thorina.

## ALKALIS.

Soda.—Potash.—Ammonia.—Lithia.

## METALS (MALLEABLE.)

Platina.—Gold.—Mercury.—Palladium.—Lead.—Silver.—Copper.—Nickel.—Iron.—Tin.—Zinc.—Cadmium.—Wodanium.

## BRITTLE METALS.

Tungsten.—Iridium.—Rhodium.—Bismuth.—Cobalt.—Manganese.—Molybdena.—Uranium.—Cerium.—Antimony.—Chromium.—Columbium.—Arsenic.—Titanium.—Tellurium.—Osmium.—Selenium.

## BASES OF ACIDS.

Fluorine, Chlorine, Nitrogen or Azote.  
Boron. The base of Melitic Acid.  
Sulphur, Phosphorus, Carbon.

In the Ninth Conversation the following notice of *Figurstone* occurs:

*Mary*.—Is this carved specimen figurstone?

*Mrs. L.*—Yes, it was called so from being used by the Chinese to carve images, vases, and other things, for which it is well adapted from its softness and sectility.

*Frances*.—I have seen images made of this, but I don't think it is a very pretty looking substance for the purpose; it is exactly like the rice figures.

*Mrs. L.*—People have a strange mistaken notion, that nearly all the Chinese carvings are made of a composition of rice. Rice is sometimes used for the purpose, but the greater part are made of figurstone; generally greenish white, or brown; but a pale flesh-coloured variety is found in Transylvania. You may easily find out whether your carvings are made of this, or of rice, by scraping off a little and putting it on a hot shovel, or hot coals; the rice will smell like burnt bread.

We shall extract but one other example—it relates to the *Diamond*:

*Mrs. L.*—Here is a diamond almost spherical.

*Frances*.—Is that a crystal?

*Mrs. L.*—No; it seems to be the result of a confused crystallization, which produces a sort of radiated structure. The round diamonds will not yield to cleavage, like the crystalline ones, and are so hard, (on this account,) that they cannot be rubbed down in the usual way; so that they are only fit to break up for diamond powder, with those which are of a bad colour, or full of flaws.

*Mary*.—Scarcely any of these are quite colourless: they have a greenish or brownish tinge.

*Mrs. L.*—Colourless diamonds are much less common than you perhaps imagine, from knowing them to be principally used in jewellery. The rarest colours are blue, pink, and dark brown; but yellow diamonds, when the colour is clear, and equal throughout, are very beautiful, and much valued. I never saw one perfectly black or opaque.

*Frances*.—And you have not a blue one?

*Mrs. L.*—I have one with a faint tinge. I never heard of any deep blue diamonds, except a small one that was in the collection of the late Mr. Greville, and the large one in the possession of Mr. Ellison, which you have probably heard of.

*Mary*.—Yes; I have been told it is worth 30,000*l.*

*Mrs. L.*—Probably it is: diamonds of such uncommon size, and rarity of colour, cannot be valued by the rules which apply to common cases. The large diamond in the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia, was purchased by the Empress Catherine, for about 50,000*l.* ready money, and an annuity of 4,000*l.* more.

*Frances*.—What a sum of money for a little stone: for I suppose it is not very large, except as it is a precious stone.

*Mrs. L.*—It is about the size of a pigeon's egg, and weighs a hundred and ninety-three carats. (A carat is equal to three grains and two-fifths, troy weight.)

But the largest diamond hitherto found, is in the possession of the Rajah of Mattan, in the island of Borneo, where it was found about 80 years since: it weighs 367 carats.

Many years ago, the Governor of Batavia tried to purchase it, and offered in exchange 150,000 dollars, two large brigs of war, with their guns and ammunition, and other cannon, with powder and shot. But the Rajah refused to part with a jewel, to which the Malays attach miraculous powers, and which they imagine to be connected with the fate of his family.

*Mary*.—I never heard of this diamond before; is it cut?

*Mrs. L.*—I believe not; it is described as having the shape of an egg, with an indentation near the smaller end. The art of cutting and polishing was unknown in Europe till the fifteenth century: before that time, rough ones were set as ornaments. Among the diamonds in the British Museum, there is a very ancient gold ring (I believe, Roman), in which an octahedral diamond is set; and the four diamonds which ornament the clasp of Charlemagne's mantle are natural crystals. This clasp is still preserved in Paris.

*Frances*.—I suppose they were valued for their rarity formerly; I remember the ring, and do not think it a very elegant ornament.

*Mrs. L.*—It is probable that they were also valued on account of their hardness, which you know is far greater than that of any other substance; for this reason, though it is expensive, it is considered as more economical than emery, or any thing else, for cutting and polishing hard stones.

*Frances*.—Are diamonds used for any other purposes?

*Mrs. L.*—Yes, a great many are employed by the glaziers, who cut out glass with them, for window panes; they are set in a steel socket, and attached to a wooden handle, about the size of a thick pencil. It is very remarkable, that they can only use the point of a natural crystal for this purpose; cut or split diamonds will not cut glass properly; they scratch it, but the glass will not break along the scratch, as it does when a natural crystal is used.

An application of the diamond, of great importance in the art of engraving, has been also made within a few years by Mr. Lowry, the first inventor of the mechanical methods now used in that part of the process, called etching.

*Mary*.—In what way could they be made useful?

*Mrs. L.*—For drawing or ruling lines, afterwards to be deepened by aqua-fortis. Formerly, steel points were used for this purpose; but they so soon become blunt by the friction against the copper, that it has always been impracticable to make what are called flat, or even tints, with them; such as the azure parts of skies, large architectural subjects, and the sea in maps; but the diamond being turned to a conical point, or otherwise cut to a proper form, is not worn away by the friction of the copper, and consequently, the lines drawn by it, are all of equal thickness.

*Frances*.—That appears to me a very great improvement; but I suppose it is very difficult to turn the diamonds for this purpose?

*Mrs. L.*—There are very few persons who understand well how to make diamond points. They are turned in a lathe, by holding a thin splinter of diamond against them, as a chisel.

*Mary*.—Is it true that diamonds will shine in the dark?

*Mrs. L.*—I do not know; I have never met with any that have that phosphorescent property. There are many substances prepared artificially,

which will absorb the sun's rays when exposed to them, and afterwards emit light when in a dark place; and it has frequently been affirmed that diamonds have the same power.

With these specimens of this clever work, we commend it to our youthful readers who thirst for knowledge; our only objection being that it is a little too learned and technical.

*The World in Miniature*; edited by Frederic Shoberl.—Persia. 3 vols. 18mo. R. Ackermann.

Of this pleasing little work we have already more than once taken very favourable notice, as the divisions relating to Illyria and Dalmatia (2 vols.) Africa (4 vols.) Turkey (6 vols.) issued from the press; since which Hindostan, in 6 volumes, and the present portion, Persia, in 3 volumes, have appeared, and claim equal praise. The combination of neatness in the illustrations, and of diffidence and talent in the literary department, render the publication very attractive for the young, and, caught by the eye as they are likely to be, ample and nutritious food for the mind will reward the pursuit into which they are thus tempted.

Having so lately and so largely gone through the ample volumes of Morier, Kotzebue, Ker Porter, and others, we shall not enter further upon this epitome of Persian History than to give as much extract as will illustrate its style and character.

Treating of the Officers of Government, we have the *Vaca-Nevis*, or Secretary of State, thus described:

"We have not met with any mention of this dignity in modern travellers, though it still exists. Morier introduces among the Persian ministers the secretary-in-chief; and Kinnier informs us, that the events of Feth-Ali's reign are regularly written by the royal historiographer, who is no other than the *vaca-nevis*, or writer of occurrences. Kämpfer calls him chief secretary of state, and adds, that he is styled *viziri-chep*, or vizir of the left, because his place is on the left of the king. The duty of the *vaca-nevis* consists in keeping an accurate register of all the decisions and decrees of the king; in examining all the acts of his authority; in reporting either to his majesty in person, or to his ministers, all the important events which occur throughout the empire, and in carefully committing them to writing. He is also keeper of the archives of the state, and of the letters and notes of foreign potentates and their ministers, of treaties of peace and all diplomatic papers. When any difficulty arises in the administration, the *vaca-nevis* is consulted, that the conduct pursued, or the decision adopted on a like occasion may be followed as a precedent. Thus the *vaca-nevis* is both secretary, keeper of the archives, and historiographer of the state. It is said, that on the first day of the year he reads, before the king and the whole court, a sketch of the events of the preceding year. In this respect, the dignity must be of very high antiquity, as its origin must date at least so far back as the time of Ahasuerus."

Chapter vi. Vol. 3, treats of the Persian Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture:

"The Persians never attained a high degree of perfection in painting and sculpture. The figures at Persepolis and in other monuments of antiquity in Fars are extremely defective, both in regard to taste and pro-



portions. In the structures at Kermanshah the arts display superior excellence, but those appear to have been the work of Greek or Roman artists. At the present day, sculpture is so utterly neglected by the Persians, that it is doubtful whether there is a single statue in the whole kingdom.

"In their paintings nature and taste are always violated. They sacrifice grace and expression to brilliancy of colouring: they have some little knowledge of light and shade, but know nothing of perspective. It is no common thing in a Persian painting to see a man nearly as tall as a mountain; or in their representations of a battle, a line of guns, on which is formed a line of infantry and over that a line of cavalry. The Persian artists are nevertheless very happy at catching a likeness, and paint portraits better than any thing else. Those who paint landscapes generally study some dabb sent out from England, or perhaps from China, and these they look upon as master-pieces. They give the preference to our figures, but consider the colouring of the Chinese as much superior.

"It is in the decoration of walls and ceilings that their talents are most conspicuous. Their paintings commonly represent some subject of ancient history, such as the achievements of Roustam, the loves of Shireen and Khosru, or remarkable actions of princes of modern times. Their only merit consists in furnishing faithful likenesses of the persons whom they portray; as works of art they are quite contemptible, merely exhibiting a confused multitude of disproportioned figures of men and horses intermingled in the most ridiculous manner.

"In architecture, as well as sculpture, the ancient Persians surpassed their descendants. Such at least is the opinion we are authorized to form by the ruins of Persepolis, Shuster, and Kendjaver, and the remains of the palace of Khosru, in the ancient Ctesiphon. The principal architectural works of the present day are the domes and minarets of the mosques. The ceilings and the domes are so rich and so exquisitely finished as to excite astonishment, and it is frequently the case that more labour and expense are bestowed on the decoration of a ceiling than on all the rest of the edifice to which it belongs."

These brief examples will serve to show that the World in Miniature is cleverly compiled, and as Christmas approaches, we recommend it as one of the eligible presents for young friends at that liberal epoch of the year, when even Avarice loosens its purse-strings, and Selfishness cries, Be generous.

#### *The British Theatrical Gallery. No. II.*

By D. Terry, Esq.

THE Portraits in the Second Part of this publication, to which we last week directed public notice, comprehend, 1. Mr. Young, in the Stranger; painted by Sharp. 2. Wilkinson, as Michael in Free and Easy; by Clint. 3. Signor De Begnis, as Geronio in Il Turco in Italia; by Waldeck. 4. Mrs. Bland, as Mme. Morbleu in Monsieur Tonson; by De Wilde. And 5. Miss S. Booth, as Christine in Love in Humble Life; by Sharp—all the Engravings by R. Cooper. The first is a poor likeness; the second has the entire air, though not the precise features; the third is indifferent; the fourth a good resemblance; and the last the look and ex-

pression of the original. In the Engravings one striking defect is, that the shadows are far too dark; in other respects we dare say Mr. Cooper has done justice to his subjects.

The Memoirs are, as in the preceding Part, brief, with which we do not find fault, and in several instances unsatisfactory, with which we are dissatisfied.

Mr. Young, the son of a respected surgeon in the City, was born in 1777, and received the rudiments of a private education. While yet a child, his elocution, voice, and predilection for music were remarkable. At nine years of age he was carried to Copenhagen, where his precocious talents acquired him considerable notice; and on his return, after a twelvemonth's absence, he was placed at Eton School. How long he remained there is not stated; but thence he was transferred to the mercantile desk, where he toiled for two tedious years, till some experiments on the private theatrical boards of Tottenham Court Road confirmed his bias for the Stage. In 1798 he made his debut at Liverpool as Young Norval, under the assumed name of Mr. Green; and from that hour may be said to have been an established and rising favourite, till he reached the highest eminence in his profession. In 1795 he married Miss Grimani, who left him at once a father and a widower in the spring of 1806. In June 1807, he appeared, for the first time, at the Haymarket Theatre as Hamlet; and his fine qualifications immediately recommended him to the Covent Garden management as one of the greatest accessions that could be made to the strength of the company. He joined it in November 1808, as Daran in the Exile, and performed at the Italian Opera House while Covent Garden Theatre was being rebuilt. His range since has been too high and too excellent to require particularization.

Mr. James Pinbury Wilkinson was also, it seems, born in London, ten years later than Mr. Young, and under less propitious stars. His provincial apprenticeship is spoken of as one of extraordinary hardship; "pre-eminent in evil"—Milton—and must therefore have been bad enough. Mr. Putnam, with whom he became acquainted at Montrose, procured his elevation to Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Norwich, whence he fought his way to London, and was brought out at the Lyceum in 1816. Of his style and future fortunes, it is accurately said, "In this company he has since remained, and has successfully established himself as a low comedian by his singularity in parts of an odd dry slang, humour. The annexed portrait of him exhibits most accurately the fitness of his features and general appearance for such parts, and combined with a correspondent quaintness of voice and an imperturbable rigidity of manner, have enabled him to contribute much to the success of several of those little dramas which are the prescriptive performances of this theatre."

Signor de Begnis is a native of Lugo, born in 1795, and theatrically born at Modena, as a primo buffo, in 1813. He congenially married Mademoiselle de Ronzi, a prima Donna; performed throughout Italy, and at the Theatre Italien, Paris, whence he was derived to London, as the successor of Naldi, in May 1821.

Mrs. Bland, whose portrait ought to have been given in some more distinguished character, "is (says our authority) the daughter of an Italian Jewess named Romanzini." It may be surmised by philosophers, as

Jewesses are not more apt to produce alone than Christians, that she had also a father, but the fact is not mentioned, and she bore only the maternal name. And indeed it is of little importance whether she had or not, as her own voice, almost as soon as she was weaned, provided for her like a parent. While yet a child, Miss Romanzini sang with great applause at the Royal Circus, and from that opening was advanced to the Dublin Theatre, under the kind countenance of the amorous Mr. Daly, whose attentions were so fervent that Mrs. Romanzini had enough ado to preserve her young daughter for a blander destiny, in unison with the brother of Mrs. Jordan. Daily dallying was not to be endured, and the charming musical talents of the syren were happily transported to Drury Lane, where she succeeded Mrs. Wroughton, and soon surpassed her in popular favour. Her Page in *Cœur de Lion* augmented that fame which has continued without diminution, without presumption or indifference on her side, and without change or diminution on the side of the public, to the present day, though thirty-four years have since consigned nine-tenths of her early admirers to silence. It is well observed that

----- "Mrs. Bland's skill in her art is great,—her ear perfect,—her taste pure,—and her voice, unrivalled in clearness and flexibility, gives equal beauty to the plaintive ballad or to sacred song;—in short, her liquid tones, her unaffected style, and true feeling, have stamped her pre-eminent, as the most mellifluous, chaste, and expressive singer of simple melodies that has adorned the English stage."

Miss Sarah Booth, whose portrait is also painted in an inferior character, was in like manner devoted to infancy to the stage (Macready's company), to which her mother and family belonged. Again does Mr. Terry blink, we know not why, unless he thinks the female sex perfect and the male creation superfluous, the question of paternity. She was born at Birmingham about thirty years ago, and ascended from children's parts to importance in the North, till Mr. Elliston secured her for what had before been called the Circus; then the Surrey Theatre. Very clever in melodrama and dramas of action, both serious and comic, she crossed the River to Covent Garden in November 1810. She shone for several seasons, but has since been less seen upon the stage.

Having thus epitomized the Gallery of Portraits, not with favour but with truth, we will sum up by saying, that if the publisher can prevail on the artists to stake their reputations on the work, and the author chooses to put his shoulder to the wheel, it is in every other respect calculated to be a wheel of fortune to all concerned, and most agreeable to the public taste. Such things must be done in a superior manner, to get out of the hackneyed track; and this undertaking is evidently so designed, if executed with corresponding industry and talent.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### BUCHARIA.

St. Petersburg, 17th September. — By the latest accounts from Bucharia we have the following particulars. That kingdom contains, at present, above three millions of population; the capital, Samarcand, has 250 mosques, 40 schools, and 150,000 inhabitants. The



Residence, Buchara, has 400 mosques, 30 schools (universities as they are called,) 200,000 inhabitants, and 10 caravansaries, where the merchants from India, Cabul, Candahar, Persia and Russia, carry on a very extensive barter trade. The present Khan, Mir-Haidar, is forty-five years of age. The eldest son, Turuchan, twenty-three years of age, was commander-in-chief of the whole army of 300,000 men, but has lately resigned this office, and lives as a private individual. The highest civil officer is the Kissu-Begi (grand vizier.) The chief of the religious establishment is the Kasuekalam, who also acts in the civil capacity of chief judge. Foreign ambassadors live at the expense of the Bucharian treasury—they are considered as guests of the Chan. The highest class, next to the priesthood, is that of the merchants. All civil and military officers are therefore merchants: only those in the superior posts have their commercial affairs managed by servants. Bucharia professes the Mahometan religion, wine is therefore prohibited; but they are exceedingly fond of it, and obtain it clandestinely from the Jews. Public taxes are not known even by name. The rent paid for the domains constitute the fund which supplies the public treasury. The crown lands are valued according to a moderate estimate; the farmer pays one third of the estimated annual value of the produce, and reserves the remaining two-thirds for his labour, and for keeping the estate in the best possible condition. Only the Jews are subject to an impost.

#### THE OTHER FIG.

I REMEMBER that, some years ago, when I knew too little of the world, and thought too much and too sensitively of its slightest and least opinion of me, I supped with an author of much eminence as a wit and a poet, in the company also of men of wit and poetry; and much mad mirth, and wit, and high-exciting talk we had, too mad and too high for me, who could only laugh, or wonder in silence, at so many brilliant imaginations, and watch for the striking out of those brisk fiery sparks of their wit.

"So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whom they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life."

"I was all ear to hear," and took in jests "which would create a *lough* under the ribs of death;" and thoughts and high imaginations which might "lift a man to the third heaven of invention," and thither I was for once lifted. But there are souls of that weak wing, that so much the higher that they soar above the proper level of their flight, so much the lower shall they fall below the level of their proper resting-ground; and as, under the excitement of wine, some men will betray all their hidden foibles, and the flaws and weak parts in their characters, so, under the excitement of too much wit, I betrayed one frailty in mine. It was after supper that a basket of moist month-melting figs was put on the friendly board, out of which, among other fingers, I was then modest and moderate enough to deduct only one of its jammed and compressed lumps of lasciviousness; but, in a short time after this, music and Mozart, which are synonyms, were proposed, and all the company left the supper-room for the music-parlour, with the exception, for two

loitering moments, of the hospitable host and myself: it was in that short time that I fell from the heaven of my high exaltation, and proved myself of the "earth earthy." The basket of figs still stood before me; they were sweet as the lips of Beauty, and tempting as the apples of Eden; and I was born of Eve, and inherited her "prigging tooth." It is no matter where temptation comes from, whether from Turkey or Paradise, if the man Adam to be tempted is ripe for ruin, any wind may shake him off the tree of steadfastness. Every man has his moment of weakness: I had two, and in those I fell.

"I really must take the other fig," said I, taking it before the words were out. I had no sooner possession of it, than I blushed with the consciousness that I had committed a sin against self-restraint; and this confusion was increased by observing that the eyes of mine host had followed the act, as if they would inquire into it, and ascertain the true meaning of it, and perhaps set it down over against the credit side of my character. I was too much afraid that I had the weakness of covetousness in my composition, and that I had betrayed it to a man who, though lenient and charitable, and inclined to think well of the slightly-faulty, would nevertheless weigh it in the balance of estimation, and value and think of it and me accordingly. "I deserved to blush for it, and I did, to the bottom of the stairs, as I descended with him chewing the sweet fruit of mine offence, and the bitter consequence of it—an uneasy thought of shame. But out of the greatest evil we may deduce good; and from the knowledge of our weakness we may derive strength. One thing only comforted me in my acute disgrace: I had the courage to resist making an equivocal apology for the act, which I was, for a moment, tempted to make; for the Devil, who has his good things at his tongue's end as well as much better beings, suggested, in a whisper, and with a nudge at my elbow, that I took it merely to have occasion for rewarding one of the wits with "a fig for his joke," mentioning him by name as patly as if he had it in his books, though I doubted his having it there at all; and if he had, I'll be his surety that all the rest of the page where it was written was blank from offences. I thanked him for the suggestion. "But, no," I whispered to him, "there is more comeliness in a naked fault than in the best attired lie in the world; so I'll even let it stand naked as its mother Eve, who was the first weak creature that took the other fig." And here the Devil chuckled, for he recollected the good fortune that fell into the first trap he baited with sin, and was not disappointed that he had set one in vain for me.

I have never forgotten this little incident of my incidental life; it has served to check me when I have coveted that which I did not want. And now, when I learn that some one, always famous for his covetousness, has at last been deen detected in some flagrant dereliction from honesty, I do not wonder at it, for I attribute it to a long unrestrained habit of taking the other fig.

When I am told that a great gourmand of my acquaintance has died over his delectable, I am not surprised, for I have myself noticed that he always would eat the other fig.

When I hear that a man, once celebrated for the expensiveness of his living and the luxuriousness of his table, now wants a common

plain dinner, I say, "It is a pity, but he always would have the other fig on table."

When I see a sensible man daily and nightly staggering through the streets in drunken forgetfulness of himself and of "the divine property of his being," or behold him wallowing in "a sensual sty," and degrading the godlike uprightness of man to the grovelling attitude of the brute, I sigh, and say, "This fellow too cannot refrain from the other fig."

When I look on the miserable miser, who, possessed of gold and land, yet lives without money or house, using not the one as it should alone be used, and enjoying not the other as it should be enjoyed, in comfort and in all convenience; and when I see that, though having more than he will use, he covets more, that he may still have more than he can use, I scorn him as a robber of the poor, not to make himself richer than they, but poorer, and more thankless and comfortless, and say, "This poor rich wretch must grasp at the other fig."

When I hear of some wealthy veteran trader with the four quarters of the wide world venturing forth again from his ark of safety and home of his old age on his promised last voyage, and never returning back to it, but perishing through the peril of the way, I cannot but pity the man who could not lay up in the safer harbour of home, because he still craved after the other fig.

When I behold some swaggering, heavy-pursed gamester enter one of those temples where Fortune snatches the golden offerings from the altars of her blind fools to fling them at the feet of her knaves that see, and look at him issuing from thence without a "beggarly denier," to bless him with a dinner, or that satisfying substitute for it, a rope, I cannot help pitying him, that he should risk the fortune he had, for the other fig, which he has not.

When I see some mighty conqueror of men, having many thrones under his dominion, and many sceptres in his hand, struggling for other thrones and sceptres, and one after one losing those he held and commanded, in his rapacious eagerness to snatch at and mount to those he would have, I cannot pity him if he loses so many figs to possess the other fig.

When I behold a rich merchant made poor by the extravagance and boldness of his trade speculations, when, if he could have been content with the wealth he had, he might have lived sumptuously and died rich, I cannot help thinking it a pity that he could not be content without the other fig.

When I hear that a rich man has done a paltry action for the sake of some petty penny-getting gain, I scorn him that he should so much covet the other fig.

When I see a man already high in rank, and more ennobled by descent than desert, cringing and stooping to a title-dispenser's heels for some new honour, which is but a new disgrace where it is undeserved, it is difficult not to despise him, though ever so honoured, who will so degrade himself for the sake of the other fig.

When I see a young and blooming wife, who might live happily with one who loves her, run off with another that only lusts for her, I cannot but pity, though I blame her weakness, that she will not do without the other fig.

When I behold an old amorist panting and chasing after that pretty, fluttering, light-

winged butterfly, Beauty, and perhaps panting and toiling after her in vain, or, if he comes up with her, gets nothing of her but her scorn, I cannot but laugh to see the old man make himself so ridiculous for the sake of the other fig.

And to conclude, when I see the detected thief dragged in fetters to the dungeons of durance, I think to myself, "Ay, this is one of the probable consequences of a wilful indulgence in the other fig."

W. B. B.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ARTIFICIAL JEWELS.

Most of the visitors to Paris are aware of the high perfection to which the imitation of diamonds and other precious stones has been brought in France. This is partly attributable to the offering of a prize by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts in that country, for the best Memoir on the subject, which was adjudged to M. Donat Wieland. From this Memoir we learn the following curious facts:—

"The base of all these imitations is Strass, or White Crystal. The materials employed are melted in Hessian crucibles, and a porcelain furnace, or, what is preferable, a potter's furnace is afterwards used. The more tranquil and prolonged that the fusion is, the more hardness and beauty does the strass acquire.

Strass.—The following three mixtures give a very fine strass:

Rock Crystal, - -	0.518	0.3170	0.300
Milium, - - - -	0.490	0.4855	0.565
Potash, pure, - -	0.170	0.1770	0.105
Borax, - - - -	0.021	0.0200	0.030
Arsenic, oxide of, -	0.001	0.0005	

1.000 1.0000 1.000

M. Lançon recommends the following mixture for a pure strass:

Litharge, - - - -	0.540
White Lead, - - -	0.406
White Tartar, or Potash	0.054

Topaz.—The imitation of topaz is difficult. It passes from the white of strass to sulphur-yellow, violet, and red purple, according to circumstances which are not determined. The following are two of M. Wieland's recipes:

White Strass, - - -	0.95816	0.99
Glass of Antimony, -	0.04089	
Purple of Cassius, -	0.00093	
Oxide of Iron, - - -		0.01

1.00000 1.00

These mixtures sometimes yield an opaque mass, translucent at the edges, and of a red colour in thin plates. By mixing it with eight times its weight of strass, and keeping the mixture in fusion for thirty hours in a potter's furnace, the result is a fine yellowish crystal. This crystal re-melted by the blow-pipe, produces the finest imitation of eastern Ruby.

Ruby.—A ruby less beautiful, and of a different tint, may be made thus:

Strass, - - - - -	0.9755
Oxide of Manganese, -	0.0245

1.0000

Emerald.—This paste is very easily made; and that which approaches the nearest to the mineral is the following:

Strass, - - - - -	0.98743
Green Oxide of Copper, -	0.01200
Oxide of Chrome, - - -	0.00057

1.00000

The following is M. Lançon's recipe for emerald:

Strass, - - - - -	0.9905
Acetate of Copper, - -	0.0080
Peroxide of Iron, - - -	0.0016

1.0000

Peridot.—By augmenting the proportion of oxide of chrome and oxide of copper in the first composition of emerald, and adding oxide of iron, we may vary the green shades, and imitate the peridot and deep coloured emerald.

Sapphire.—The composition for this paste is,

Strass, very white, - - -	0.9855
Oxide of Cobalt, very pure, -	0.0145

1.0000

This mixture must be put into a Hessian crucible, carefully luted, and remain thirty hours in the fire. If the process is well conducted, the result will be a very hard glass, without bubbles.

Amethyst.—Very deep amethyst may be obtained with

Strass, - - - - -	0.9870
Oxide of Manganese, - -	0.0078
Oxide of Cobalt, - - -	0.0050
Purple of Cassius, - - -	0.0002

1.0000

M. Lançon uses,

Strass, - - - - -	0.9977
Oxide of Manganese, - -	0.0022
Oxide of Cobalt, - - -	0.0001

1.0000

Beryl, or Aquamarine, is made with

Strass, - - - - -	0.9926
Glass of Antimony, - - -	0.0070
Oxide of Cobalt, - - -	0.0004

1.0000

Syrian Garnet.—This paste is used for small jewels, and is made with

Strass, - - - - -	0.6630
Glass of Antimony, - - -	0.3320
Purple of Cassius, - - -	0.0025
Oxide of Manganese, - - -	0.0025

1.0000

In the fabrication of the pastes, many precautions are necessary, which can be learned only by experience. The materials should in general be carefully pulverised. The mixtures should be properly sifted, and the same sieve should not be used for different compositions. In order to obtain the glass well melted, and homogeneous, and without striae and bubbles, materials of great purity must be employed; they must be mixed in a state of extreme tenacity;—the best crucibles must be used; the fire must be graduated, and kept equal to the maximum temperature, —and the mass must be left in the fire from 24 to 30 hours, and allowed to cool very slowly."

### SUGAR FOR PRESERVING FISH.

DR. MAC CULLOCH, of Edinburgh, has ascertained that the antiseptic quality of sugar is sufficient to preserve Fish in the most excellent condition. He states that this substance is so active, that Fish may be preserved in a dry state, and perfectly fresh, by means of sugar alone, and even with a very small quantity of it. He has thus kept salmon, whittings, and cod, for an indefinite length of time; and by this simple means fresh fish may be kept in that state some days, so as to be as good when boiled as

when just caught. It is added, that "if dried and kept free from mouldiness, there seems no limit to their preservation; and they are much better in this way than when salted. The sugar gives no disagreeable taste.

"This process is particularly valuable in making what is called Kipperd Salmon; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavour to those which are salted or smoked. If desired, as much salt may be used as to give the taste that may be required; but this substance does not conduce to their preservation.

In the preparation, it is barely necessary to open the fish, and to apply the sugar to the muscular part, placing it in a horizontal position for two or three days, that this substance may penetrate. After this it may be dried; and it is only further necessary to wipe and ventilate it occasionally, to prevent mouldiness.

A table spoonful of brown sugar is sufficient in this manner, for a salmon of five or six pounds weight; and if salt is desired, a tea spoonful or more may be added. Salt-petre may be used instead, in the same proportion, if it is desired to make the kipper hard."

### GERMAN TRAVELLERS.

WE have more than once adverted to the Travels of the Bavarian Literati, Messrs. Spix and Martins, in the Brazils, &c. From a long account of their route in a foreign scientific publication, we translate the following conclusion. Having been attacked by disease, they rested awhile in the Capitania of Maranhão, whence, when recovered, they proceeded to the island of Saint Louis, and thence, after a six days' voyage by sea, landed at Para. Arrived at length on the banks of the majestic and immense river of the Amazons, bounded by a lofty and ever-green forest, they had attained the summit of their wishes; and setting out on the 21st of August 1810, proceeded along the bank of the stream, (amidst a chaos of fixed and floating islands, falling masses of the banks, immense trunks of trees carried down by the current, the cries and screams of countless multitudes of monkeys and birds, shoals of turtles, crocodiles, and fish, gloomy forests full of parasite plants and palms, with tribes of wandering Indians on the banks, marked and disfigured in various manners according to their fancies,) till they reached the settlement of Pauxis, where at the distance of one hundred German (near five hundred English) miles up the country, the tide of the sea is still perceptible, and the river, confined to the breadth of a quarter of a league, of unfathomable depth. They now journeyed to the mouth of the Rio Negro. From this place every thing becomes still more wild, and the river of the Amazons resumes its ancient name of Solimões, from a nation now extinct. They had chosen the most favourable season of the year, when the numerous sandy islands (prayas,) which are at other times covered, rising above the now low water, invited inhabitants, who piled up in heaps the fresh-laid turtles' eggs, and out of them, by the aid of water and the sun, prepared the finest oil. At the town of Ega in the Rio Teffé, our two travellers separated. Dr. Martins proceeded up the collateral stream of the Japura, overcame, by the most painful exertions, the cataracts and the rocks in the river, and at length arrived at the

foot of the mountain Arascoara, in the middle of the Southern Continent, separated from Quito only by the Cordilleras. Spix proceeded up the main stream, crossed the broad rivers Jurua and Jurahy, and the Spanish river Ica, and penetrated at last through clouds of poisoned arrows discharged by the Indians, and of stinging insects, through contagious diseases and threatening mountain-torrents, to the mouth of the river Jupary, at the last Portuguese settlement of Tabatiaga, on the frontiers of Peru, where he heard the language of the Incas. Had the two travellers prosecuted their enterprise a few weeks longer, they would have reached the opposite coast of the Continent. But to effect this, they needed the permission of the Viceroy of Peru. Eagerness to return to the west hastened their journey, and the stream carried them down so rapidly, that they arrived in five days at the place from which it had cost them a full month's exertions to work their way up the river. After several lateral excursions which amply repaid their labour, they again reached Para, April 16, 1820. The object of their mission was completed. The Continent, abounding in plants and animals, had been traversed from 24° south latitude to the Equator, and under it from Para to the east frontier of Peru, and an incredible store of natural treasures and information acquired. The collections from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms are already partly arranged at Munich. Nothing now remains but to make a proper use of all these acquisitions for the advantage and instruction of mankind; since the discovery of new continents is less important than an investigation of their interior.

## AEROLITES.

SIGNOR ANGELO BELLANI, Canon of Pavia, has published an essay "On the fall of an ancient Aerolite, not mentioned in the catalogues published by the learned, preceded by a dissertation on the origin of this phenomenon. Besides its hypothesis, the principal feature is the following, extracted from a work on the Settallian Museum, published at Tortona in 1677, under the title of "Museo o galleria adunata dal sapere, e dallo studio del Sen. Can. Manfredo Settala nobile Milanese, descritta in Ital. da P. Fr. Scarpelli." The celebrated Settala was still living, aged 84, as we read on the portrait which is prefixed to this edition.

In the 18th chapter of this book, says M. Bellani, we find the following passage. "It seems evidently demonstrated that thunder ought to be attributed to a solid and stony substance, and not to an exhalation of any kind, as is proven by one of these stones projected from the clouds, which struck with sudden death a Franciscan Friar of Santa Maria della Pace, at Milan, and which is open to the inspection of every body in our Museum. I will relate the circumstances of this event, that no one may doubt its authenticity. All the other monks of the convent of St. Mary hastened up to him who had been struck, as well from curiosity as from pity, and among them was also the Canon Manfredo Settala. They all carefully examined the corpse, to discover the most secret and decisive effects of the shock which had struck him; they found it was on one of the thighs, where they perceived a wound blackened either by the gangrene or by the action of the fire. Impelled by curiosity, they enlarged

the aperture to examine the interior of it; they saw that it penetrated to the bone, and were much surprised to find at the bottom of the wound a roundish stone which had made it, and had killed this monk in a manner equally terrible and unexpected. This stone weighed about a quarter of an ounce; it had a sharp edge, and its surface resembled one of those silver coins which are current at Milan under the name of Philip. It was not, however, perfectly round, having on one side a rather obtuse angle. Its colour varied, so that on one part it was that of a burnt brick, and on the other it seemed to be covered with a thin ferruginous and shining crust. Being broken in the middle, it emitted an insupportable smell of sulphur."

M. Bellani observes on the circumstances in this narrative which so forcibly attest its authenticity. In a note he says, "M. Abel Remusat treating of the aerolites of China, states, that though they have frequently fallen in populous countries, there is no instance of any person having been struck by one of them, either in China or in Europe. The instance which we have just related is therefore the only one known."

## THE WAPETI.

THESE superb Deer are now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and merit well a visit from the naturalist. The stock consists of a male, above fourteen hands high, a beautiful female, and a young fawn about two months old. They are from the upper banks of the Missouri, where the Indians, it is said, have succeeded in domesticating them for their sledges, in which they can travel at the rate of twenty miles in an hour. As venison they must also, from their size, furnish provision largely for the hunter who is fortunate enough to make them his prize. They are certainly grand and graceful creatures; and we are glad to find that, while these qualities contribute so much to their extirpation in their native regions, the breed is likely to be naturalized and to succeed in England. Lord Glenlyon (James Murray), has several descents from the specimens shown about five years ago at Charing Cross; and we presume that after Mr. Bullock has gratified the public curiosity with his exhibition, he will so dispose of these as to establish another colony.

The male has unluckily broken one of his horns, which are of a fine branching form. The female has no horns. Their food is the same with that of the horse, and they are extremely gentle and docile.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Cambridge, Oct. 4.—Arthur Barron, Esq. and Francis Goode, Esq. Bachelors of Arts, of Trinity College, were on Tuesday last elected Fellows of that Society.

## FINE ARTS.

Views on the Thames. Engraved by W. B. Cooke and G. Cooke, from drawings by P. De-wint, W. Havel, S. Owen, R. R. Reinagle, A. R. A., G. Arnald, A. R. A., G. Barrett, L. Clennell, &c.

THE last Number of this truly elegant and splendid work is now before us, and concludes the labours of the Messrs. Cooke on their Thames Scenery in a way no less creditable to themselves than to the country; bringing

into view talents which cannot fail to give lustre to the British School of Art.

To those acquainted with the Fine Arts, and the professional abilities of the artists employed in this work, it is unnecessary to point out particular examples of excellence; and to the public it is equally needless to designate these local scenes—they are connected with our history, they are associated with our pleasures, and interesting in every view we can take of the subject.

It is not with the landscape as with the portrait painter; the latter can seldom indulge himself in the introduction of those accidents of light and shade which are at the entire disposal of the former. To him the rainbow and the shower, the clear blue sky and the impending storm, are accessories to embellish his subject. The work under review has several fine examples of striking effects, in particular the views of Lambeth Palace, Battersen, and Park Place near Henley; while the splendid views from Greenwich Park, Henley, and Waterloo Bridge, are seen under a light and lucent atmosphere. To sum up all,—in point of variety, local interest and brilliant execution, the Thames Scenery presents one of the most delightful publications that has ever come under our notice.

The work is printed in imperial quarto, contains seventy-five plates engraved in the line manner, and is accompanied by an octavo volume of letter-press description, containing biographical anecdotes, notices, &c. connected with the topography of the different Views.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## POETICAL SKETCHES.

## Third Series.—Sketch the Sixth.

## THE BASQUE GIRL AND HENRI QUATRE.

Love! summer flower, how soon thou art decayed!  
Opening amid a paradise of sweets,  
Dying with withered leaves and cankered stem;  
The very memory of thy happiness  
Departed with thy beauty; breath and bloom  
Gone, and the trusting heart which thou hadst made  
So green, so lovely, for thy dwelling-place,  
Left but a desolation.

"Twas one of those sweet spots which seem just  
For lovers' meeting, or for minstrel haunt; [made  
The Maiden's blush would look so beautiful  
By those white roses, and the Poet's dream  
Would be so soothing, lulled by the low notes  
The birds sing to the leaves, whose soft reply  
Is murmured by the wind: the grass beneath  
Is full of wild flowers, and the cypress boughs  
Have twined o'er head, graceful and close as love.  
The sun is shining cheerfully, though scarce  
His rays may pierce through the dim shade, yet still  
Some golden hues are glancing o'er the trees,  
And the blue flood is gliding by, as bright  
As Hope's first smile. All, lingering, stayed to gaze  
Upon this Eden of the painter's art,  
And looking on its loveliness, forgot  
The crowded world around them!—But a spell  
Stronger than the green landscape fixed the eye—  
The spell of Woman's beauty!—By a beech,  
Whose long dark shadow fell upon the stream,  
There stood a radiant Girl!—her chestnut hair—  
One bright gold tint was on it—loosely fell  
In large rich curls upon a neck whose snow  
And grace were like the swan's; she wore the garb  
Of her own village, and her small white feet  
And slender ankles, delicate as carved  
From Indian ivory, were bare,—the turf [stood!  
Seemed scarce to feel their pressure. There she



Her head leant on her arm, the beech's trunk  
Supporting her slight figure, and one hand  
Prest to her heart, as if to still its throbs!—  
You never might forget that face,—so young,  
So fair, yet traced with such deep characters  
Of inward wretchedness! The eyes were dim,  
With tears on the dark lashes; still the lip  
Could not quite lose its own accustomed smile  
Even by that pale cheek it kept its arch  
And tender playfulness: you looked and said,  
What can have shadowed such a sunny brow?  
There is so much of natural happiness  
In that bright countenance, it seems but formed  
For spring's light sunbeams, or yet lighter dews.  
You turned away—then came—and looked again,  
Watching the pale and silent loveliness,  
Till even sleep was haunted by that image.  
There was a severed chain upon the ground—  
Ah, love is even more fragile than its gifts!  
A tress of raven hair:—oh, only those  
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,  
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing  
Affection gives and hallows! A dead flower  
Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks  
That made each leaf a treasure. And the tree  
Had two slight words graven upon its stem—  
The broken heart's last record of its faith—  
"Adieu, Henri!"

... I learnt the history of the lovely picture:  
It was a Peasant Girl's, whose soul was given  
To one as far above her as the pine  
Towers o'er the lowly violet; yet still  
She loved, and was beloved again—ere yet  
The many trammels of the world were flung  
Around a heart, whose first and latest pulse  
Throbbed but for beauty: him, the young, the brave  
Chivalrous Prince, whose name in after years  
A nation was to worship—that young heart  
Beat with its first wild passion—that pure feeling  
Life only once may know. I will not dwell  
On how affection's bark was lanced and lost:—  
Love, though hast hopes like summers, short and  
bright,

Moments of ecstasy, and maddening dreams,  
Intense delicious throbs! But happiness  
Is not for thee. If ever thou hast known  
Quiet, yet deep enjoyment, 'tis or ere  
Thy presence is confessed; but, once revealed,  
We bow us down in passionate devotion  
Vowed to thy altar, then the serpents wake  
That coil around thy votaries—hopes that make  
Fears burning arrows—lingering jealousy,  
And last worst poison of thy cup—neglect! - - -  
It matters little how she was forgotten,  
Or what she felt—a woman can but weep.  
She prayed her lover but to say Farewell—  
To meet her by the river where such hours  
Of happiness had pass'd, and said she knew  
How much she was beneath him; but she prayed  
That he would look upon her face once more!  
- - - He sought the spot—upon the beechen tree  
Adieu, Henri! was graven, and his heart  
Felt cold within him! He turned to the wave,  
And there the beautiful Peasant floated—death  
Had sealed love's sacrifice! - - - L. E. L.

## LINES

Written upon burning 350 lines of a Poem, called  
"The Battle of Hastings," after reading "The  
Grace of the last Saxon."

Adieu, an everlasting long adieu!  
Ye hapless relics of my vacant time,  
When I, to chase black care and devils blue,  
Turned all my wayward fancies into rhyme.

To you devoted was each leisure thought;  
And many an hour of midnight toil ye cost;  
Each luckless rhyme with aching head was bought,  
Yet all my labour, now, alas, is lost!

Well I remember those sad lines (which now  
Are faintly blanched upon your charcoal heap:)  
I sketched in church, when Doctor Droway's slow  
Dull tone had preached his pious flock to sleep.

Ye envious flames, consume them not so fast,  
They should be good, ye seem to like them so!  
Grant me one look,—another,—'tis the last,  
Farewell, ye must to dark oblivion go!

Spirit of my melodies,  
From out you bright blue flame arise  
Like Phoenix from her burning nest!  
Spirit, hear my high behest:—  
My drooping lyre reanimate,  
Till into song its chords vibrate;  
And tune each inharmonious string  
Another Hero's deeds to sing;  
Another Harold's fame to tell,—  
Adieu my lay—Farewell!—Farewell!  
Linehouse.

## BALLAD.

The Cid's departure into exile.

[See Southey's Chronicle of the Cid.]

With sixty Knights in his gallant train,  
Went forth the Campeador of Spain;  
For wild sierras and plains afar,  
He left the lands of his own Bivar.

To march o'er field and to watch in tent,  
From his home in good Castile he went;  
To the wasting siege and the battle's van,  
For the noble Cid was a banish'd man!

Through his olive-woods the morn-breeze play'd,  
And his native streams wild music made;  
And clear in the sunshine his vineyards lay,  
When for march and combat he took his way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he took,  
And he turn'd his steed for a parting look,  
For a parting look at his own fair towers,—  
Oh! the Exile's heart hath weary hours!

The pennons were spread, and the band array'd;  
But the Cid at his threshold a moment stay'd:—  
It was but a moment—the halls were lone,  
And the gates of his dwelling all open thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty stall,  
Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall;  
Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at the door,  
Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor.

Then a dim tear swell'd to the warrior's eye,  
As the voice of his native groves went by;  
And he said, "My Foemen their wish have won,—  
Now the will of God be in all things done!"

But the trumpet blew, with its note of cheer,  
And the winds of the morning swept off the tear;  
And the fields of his glory lay distant far;—  
He is gone from the towers of his own Bivar!—H.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,

AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Graybeard.—Chap. XIV.

"We must not forget Mortimer's collection  
of humorous drawings," said the Doctor, "for  
he was indefatigable in hunting them up,  
and more knowing of hands in this species of  
connoisseurship than old Paul Sandby him-  
self, who had a very notable talent for the  
graphic burlesque. Paul, in his early day,  
drew the figure with great neatness and  
character; indeed he was so versatile with  
his pencil, that I know not what he could not

do very respectably, particularly in compari-  
son with his compeers."

"I am glad to hear you say that," ob-  
served the Counsellor—"right glad, Doc-  
tor; for I had a long disputation lately  
with Dowager Lady \*\*\*\*\* who shook  
her head, incredulous, when I was insisting  
on my Lord, her son, that my old friend Paul  
had a pretty taste for sketching the human  
figure."

"I ought to know something of his talent,  
for I was one of his pupils before I was a  
wife—and that is more than half a century  
ago," said her Ladyship.

"That may be, madam, said I, but you  
studied landscape only, I presume."

"Granted," said my Lady; "but I think,  
with deference, Sir, I should not have re-  
mained entirely ignorant of his powers that  
way. But perhaps," added her Ladyship,  
"he did not condescend to parade all he  
knew to us silly misses, for my sisters were  
his pupils also." But I must add, to the  
credit of her Ladyship's politeness, after  
having said so much, she proceeded—"Cer-  
tainly, Sir, I will not pit my memory against  
yours, and am willing to receive your testi-  
mony to this new instance of his ingenuity,  
for he was a dear good creature, and I  
venerate his memory."

"Now, Doctor, I know you are an au-  
thority with the worthy Dowager, and I shall  
quote you the next time I have the honour to  
meet her Ladyship, and you must hear me  
out; for my Lord, who, like a virtuous son,  
maintains that his lady mother always speaks  
by the card—which, by the way, he may safely  
do on every subject but this," smiling at his  
own pertinacity—"my Lord, I say, I believe  
is incredulous too."

"Let me think—let me consider," said  
the Doctor—"O, I will lend you a little  
treatise on the subject of Burlesque, Sir, the  
work of Captain Grose, which I will send  
you up, so that you may give ocular demon-  
stration to her Ladyship. To that is prefixed  
an etching by old Master Paul—a portrait of  
the facetious author, and an excellent char-  
acter it is—quite the man; and if I be not  
mistaken, the heads—the caricature heads to  
illustrate the said humorous tract, are also  
etched by Paul."

"That is kind, Doctor, and I thank you  
—I pledge myself to have it safely returned.  
Some years ago I possessed a copy of that  
ingenious little treatise—a presentation copy  
from the author—which I lent to Sam Foot-  
e, and his death being so sudden, when I  
happened to be abroad, I lost it, with a few  
original scraps of Paul's which were given  
to me by my countryman Bailie, the Com-  
missioner of Stamps—the more to be prized,  
as they were good-humoured burlesques upon  
some of the officers who went with Duke  
William in his campaign against the rebels  
in the North. Bailie and Sandby got acquit-  
ted in that campaign, both meeting there; the  
one being an officer—a Lieutenant of the  
flank company in the Duke's regiment, I  
think—and the other being a protégé of his  
Royal Highness, who went with him, to the  
best of my remembrance, as his draughtsman.  
This I know, he was a great favourite with  
the Duke, and no less so with his staff. Con-  
geniality of taste for the Arts brought Bailie  
and Paul together. They were both sketch-  
ing a few days after they got to Edinburgh,  
and that brings to mind an anecdote which  
Paul used to relate with glee. Paul, as you  
know, was not wanting in humour.

"Baillie, I remember, had a smattering of caricature, which he told me he picked up among the *sciofi* that used to hold Hogarth by the skirts. Baillie was the man, Docthor, for information on these matters. 'There was Worsdale,' said he, 'the rogue who used to be sworn brother with Dennis the critic—Griffin Dennis—Sour Jack, as he was termed by the players—that same Mister Worsdale who helped to get Sam Foote through his patri-mony at that notorious *Devil Tavern*, before he got scribbling for the stage; though not exactly so, for the rogue told me,' said the Captain, 'that Foote gave him the profits of his first dramatic piece. "There, Jemmy," said he, "as you are a man of taste—d—d bad taste, I own, excepting your pinning yourself to my sleeve—I give you my TASTE (the title of the farce), with all the profits, rights, and immunities appertaining thereunto, to help you out of the clutches of the bailiffs;" which in truth he did,' said the Captain, 'though he was not long after obliged to write for his own means. O, that Jemmy Worsdale! he was the pander for Carl too—the scamp who nefariously took the pretended manuscripts of Pope to that miscreant publisher of Fleet-Ditch. Yes,' proceeded the Captain—(I think I hear him still, Docthor, as he was wont, running from post to pillar, knocking at every man's door as he went on, and giving you each man's sign)—'that scamp Worsdale was my first preceptor—a pretty associate, to be sure; but then his wit, his merry songs, and his buffoonery were so bewitching, that spite of his profligacy, there was no breaking away from the rogue. It was he who struck out that caricature, that comical design, *Sawney in a certain house*—a satire which naturally gave so much offence to our un-neighbourly neighbours in the North during the phrenzy of Jacobitism."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the Doctor—"Yes, I can remember when that coloured scrap of unclean wit made more ill blood among neighbours than one would now dare to relate. And yet, by God's great mercy to this blessed island, I have lived to see the time when brotherly love has so far removed the remembrance of these political animosities which gave the sting to the satire, that a Scot would now be the first to bid for an original impression of Sawney, and shake his sides with laughter as he pasted it on the wall."

"There was another contemporary of Worsdale's—a comical designer too," said the Counsellor—"one *Bickham*, who struck out some humorous skits upon the South Sea bubble. I have often lamented that there is now no known collection of these political squibs and general caricatures; and if I had the ear of His Majesty, I do think I should be bold enough to venture to suggest respectfully, whether it might not be worth His Majesty's consideration to recommend the governors of the British Museum to employ some one to get together all that could be picked up, and placed in that national repository. Such a collection would furnish a diligent historian with great helps to the forming a domestic history of the country—a work that the great Doctor Johnson eagerly desired to see commenced; one indeed, if ably executed, that could not fail to be highly amusing to the present age, methinks, and certainly a literary treasure to future generations."

"I am verily of your opinion," said the Doctor. "It is really to be lamented that

these curious, these admirable traits, which many of them are, of the bearings of public opinion, a thousand subjects which mark the tone and temper of the times, should be suffered to perish for want of a competent fund and a diligent research. And I go entirely with your notion of whispering the King on the subject; for no sovereign that we have had, from all I can learn, ever evinced a more gracious disposition to countenance any laudable or useful work, whether for present benefit, or the advantage of those who shall be destined hereafter to bless the memory of those who have gone before, than His Gracious Majesty George the Fourth."

"Thank you, Docthor, for your vote and interest; and I had the rather it was set about by our present King, by the token, that His Majesty, I believe on my conscience, is better acquainted with the habits of life, has more real knowledge of the wheels that constitute the great machine, SOCIETY, than any monarch that ever graced the British throne. What think you, old friend Ephraim?"

"Why, my worthy Counsellor, I have held that opinion these twenty years!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Doctor—"then it is carried *nemine contradicente*, that we three sages do address His Most Gracious Majesty upon the subject, and set about it accordingly and forthwith."

"These satirists, at the beginning of the last century, must have been gifted with no small portion of sagacity and penetration," said the Counsellor; "for I remember to have heard my grandfather, who was a man of observation, assert, that it was mainly owing to the witty pamphlets and burlesque prints that the public eyes were opened to the preposterous schemes of gain held out by the wily projectors of the South Sea and Mississippi, which ruined so many thousand credulous people; and that some actually escaped becoming victims to the money mania, from the fear of being held up to ridicule. Yet some men whom the world had taken for conjurers, who undertook to expose public folly, were themselves gulls to this vast wholesale project for gaming. Pope got into the trap, but, luckily for his money and reputation too, contrived to get out again, with the loss of only half of what he fancied he had gotten. Poor Gay, another wit, was completely outwitted, and it had nearly cost him his life."

"Elated by their foresight, the triumphant wags began to trim these wits, and Hogarth, among the rest, dragged the poets to the whipping-post. Many pitied the gentle Gay, but no one felt for Pope. To be sure one could not be surprised at that, for he was a merciless flogger."

"He was, Sir," said the Doctor; "but the gross vices and the egregious fooleries of the age were moral diseases that had attained to a crisis, which called for such a physician as Pope. I have been almost led to believe that Providence set up that triumvirate, Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot; but for them, I know not but the whole nation might have degenerated into profligacy and barbarism."

"But, Docthor, we must not forget their great coadjutors, Addison and Steele—their predecessors as well indeed—Surely these were the first reformers."

"Granted," said the Doctor; "and for ever venerated be the memory of their great and good deeds. The elegance of their precepts, and the delicacy of their wit, refined the feeling and upheld the good. These were

your skillful physicians and humane; the others no less skilled, but of bolder practice, used the knife, and cut up vice and folly by the root."

"Faith, Docthor, I believe it was even so. Perhaps nothing short of this rough practice could have reached the disease. But yet, methinks, touching Messrs. Swift and Pope, they sometimes used the *scalpel* where a *caustic* might have served; or, without so far-fetched a figure, punished light faults with too heavy a rod. It is one thing to correct as a judicious preceptor, and another to flog away indiscriminately like a merciless pedagogue. Satire is a potent drug, Docthor, that may kill as well as cure; and a man may use the rod till he delights in being a flogger. Swift and Pope I am afraid, sometimes, like an old schoolmaster of mine, was out of sorts when there was no + on the monitor's list. 'I know,' said his wife with great tenderness, 'why you have no stomach this morning—because, dear duck, there has been no rod.' The truth is, the worthy old gentlemen, like these other worthies, had been so used to this delectable exercise, that they had an appetite for flogging."

"Ha—ha—ha—ha!—that is about the mark, hey, Docthor?" said the Counsellor, laughing at his own conceit. "Swift and Pope, at last, did not look out for good boys. Swift hated every body but only Jack and Tom; and Pope had no relish for any body but only Tom and Jack."

"Yet," proceeded the Counsellor, laughing again, "who can read their works and not hold his sides? They were marvellous wights, to be sure; and as Dr. Johnson says—the grave wag—it was worth being a *dunce* in their days. Faith, one must honour and reverence them too, for their intrepid attack upon the many-headed foreign monster, Fashion, so unpatriotically brought over, and let loose, open-mouthed, to devour the offspring of Native Good Taste—and their undaunted exposure of Hypocrisy, Imposture, and the other assailants of Truth. Yes, Docthor, here they played the heroes indeed!"

"Yes, they hunted and routed out Vice and Folly, Fanaticism and Imposture, from their haunts—not a den, not a hole could escape their keen scent and penetrating eye. They unkenelled the fox, and away went the satirical pack, scampering after their game, and Common Sense, from every city, town, and hamlet, followed in the pursuit, and eagerly joined in full cry!"

"Ha—ha—ha, Docthor! how they hunted that poor devil, *Count Ugly*—that impudent foreign adventurer, Heidegger; or rather his illustrious fops and fools—for he was impenetrable—the he and she fools, who held the Count up in defiance of the pulpit, the bar, and the remaining good sense of the town—Yes, in defiance of decency, order, and public opinion—in defiance of every thing opposed, save and except the satiric pencil and the pen. Hogarth put them to the blush, and Pope put them to shame. Here we behold the potency of SATIRE."

"Pope's ridicule of this fashionable Count was certainly very lively. To be sure his ugliness, according to just notions of good taste, was not a legitimate object for satire; but in him they had little else to lampoon, for his leading the great English Dons by the nose was rather a proof of his wit and their folly. Besides, Heidegger had the skill to burlesque his own visage, and by that

artifice the shafts levelled at him lost half their force.

"Fielding had a wife at the Count too in his Puppet-show, and a side-blow at his supporters of the masquerades over which he presided, and which, to the discredit of the age, superseded for a time every other species of fashionable entertainment.

"In this Farce the Swiss adventurer is dubbed Count Ugly.

'Nonsense. Too late, O mighty Count, you came.

Count. I ask not for myself, for I disdain  
O'er the poor ragged tribe of bards to reign.  
Me did my stars to happier fates prefer,  
*Sur-intendant des plaisirs d'Angleterre.*  
If masquerades you have, let those be mine,  
But on the Signor let the laurel shine.

Tragedy. What is thy plea? Hast written?

Count. No—nor read.

But if from dulness any may succeed,  
To that and nonsense I good title plead—  
Nought else was ever in my masquerade.

"Surely this prevailing rage for masquerading was a legitimate subject for satire; for at the same time that Cibber's company of comedians, composed of some of the best actors that have trodden the stage, were playing to almost empty benches, this pseudo *Petronius*—this Arch Priest of Debauchery and Vice, was pocketing FIVE THOUSAND a year!

"What strange stanzas, by the way, were those, Sirs, which were discovered by some peering eye on the back of one of Pope's manuscript scraps of his Homer—those deposited in the British Museum. They are supposed to relate to that memorable prank which was so successfully played off upon Count Ugly at the Royal Masquerade at the Old Opera-house—that built by Sir John Vanbrugh. The mask story you may know is that to which I allude. Talk of wags, Sirs!—what a mad-cap was he, the Duke of Montague!—he that built this said grand mansion, the Museum. Faith, and now I think of it, it was at the same Devil Tavern that we have just now been talking of, that his Grace prepared the very mask, which in truth was the main feature of the joke. It was there on the first floor, in the very identical apartment which Hogarth made use of as the scene of his *Modern Midnight Conversation*, that my Lord Duke invited my Ugly Count to dine, for the fell purpose of making the poor devil gloriously drunk. He had confederates in the scheme, who pushed about the bottle and the joke, until the *Monster of a Fowl*, as Pope has it, was laid flat upon the carpet. Now then for the skill of old Mistress Salmon—Who does not remember Mistress Salmon and her daughters? Faith, as long since as I was an urchin can I remember standing there over the way opposite this said *Devil Tavern*, admiring, through the casements of her house, their pigmy waxen figures, which seemed to be heir-looms to the old fabric, stuck there at the time of the building of its over-hanging stories an hundred years before the great fire.

"Poor old Mistress Salmon!—Sirs, that of her's was another of the ancient occupations long out of date. I could not but give into my antiquarian feeling, friend Ephraim, and sorrowing at the demolition of that venerable relic of ancient London. It was one of the prettiest remaining specimens of an old city house—and the more interesting, being abutted upon by that noted messuage next door, the sign of the *Harrow*, once occupied by honest Isaac Walton. Yes, that of

Mistress Salmon's is an old occupation, like the bow-makers and fletchers, and the armorers, and some others of ancient note, now obsolete. Her's was the *arts and mystère* of making effigies to be borne on the bier to the tombs of the illustrious dead.

"Well, and this Mistress Salmon, and her no less celebrated daughter, having their cue, and being well fed, no doubt, stepped over to the Devil Tavern and took a mask of the *sleeping beauty*, or rather a cast of his grotesque visage, from which they fabricated that incomparable likeness which deceived not only his Majesty King George the Second, the musicians in the gallery, all the lords and ladies, but even the Ugly Count, who thought it was no other than another Heidegger, and a greater sinner, the first contriver of masquerades—the DEVIL HIMSELF!

"But talking of his Satanic majesty," continued the facetious Counsellor, "one is naturally reminded of a Pope, and by that symbol I am reminded of this playful scrap of the poet. Did you ever meet with the lines, Docthor?"—"No."—"Nor you, friend Ephraim?—I have; they are printed in a favourite work, which I always keep in my elbow-chair—my old friend John Nichols's *Account of Hogarth*. I almost fancy I can picture the arch satirist, in a momentary gambol from the beaten track, yawning after putting the finishing touch to his allotted daily task of his immortal poem, turning the paper (as Rubens dashed in a magical landscape on a scrap of panel from the leavings of his palette,) and thus consuming the remaining pen full of ink, in this playful spirit of the fountain of his fancy:

'Then he went to the side-board, and call'd for much liquor,

And glass after glass he drank quicker and quicker;

So that Heidegger quoth,

Nay, saith on his oath,

Of two hogheads of Burgundy Satan took both.

Then all like a — the devil appear'd,

And straight the whole tables of dishes he clear'd;

Then a friar, and then a nun,

And then he put on

A face all the company took for his own—

Eventhine, O false Heidegger! who wert so wicked

To let in the devil ———"

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Sept. 26, 1822.

ALL our printers and booksellers are in full activity. New works succeed each other with surprising profusion; but the old and classic writers especially furnish employment for capital and industry. Last year ten or twelve new editions of Rousseau and Voltaire appeared, and still they are publishing others with great success. Montesquieu, Helvetius, Pascal, Montaigne, Rabelais, &c. are also reprinted in abundance, and at various prices. Cheap, and at the same time good editions, invite the young and the middling and lower classes to be purchasers; formerly they were not even readers. A compact and select library may be procured at little expense. Translations of foreign, and especially of English writers, are exceedingly in vogue. Walter Scott is universally read, and has contributed not a little to enrich the printers, booksellers, and circulating librarians of Paris. O'Meara's *Exile* is seized at all the ports, where it can be found in English; but a French edition has appeared in two volumes. You may suppose it has been finely filtered. Another edition is an-

nounced by another bookseller. Napoleon continues to be an object of interest, at least favourable to publishers and artists. The Notes of Las Casas are expected with impatience. The work, in folio, edited by M. Armand, has great success;—it is entitled *Vie Politique et Militaire de Napoléon*. It appears in *livraisons* each containing four engravings, lithographed after designs by the first Masters, and representing the facts recorded in the text. Five have been published. The motto of the editor is *Magis amica veritas*. He gives rather facts than opinions; and says in the preface, "*Nous offrons la matière d'un jugement et non un jugement tout fait. . . . Qui que tu sois, entre les mains de qui ce livre est tombé, tu es membre du tribunal qui doit prononcer sur Napoléon, tu tiens les pièces du procès. Lis et juge.*"

The sixth and last volume of the *Dictionnaire historique, philosophique et critique*, contains a curious notice of all the good editions that have appeared since the discovery of the art of printing. This work is an abridged compilation from Bayle and all the other great biographical Dictionaries, and gives the history of all the persons, of both sexes, distinguished by their talents, virtues, crimes, from the beginning of the world to the period of the Revolution, with the opinions of the best writers on their character, conduct, and works.

*Alfred le Grand*, a new ballet, attracts a crowd to the great Opera. The scenes are of course from English history, and the magnificent decorations and splendid costumes will ensure to this new choreographical composition a certain popularity. The piece itself is uninteresting, and the music, composed by M. de Callemberg, tremendously loud. It is said in the salons, that at the first representation a deaf and dumb person, who was present, was frightened to death by the noise. You may judge, by this joke, of the effects of the music on the delicate ears of our fine ladies.

Talma has, within these few days, delighted all the amateurs, by his *Sylla* and his *Regulus*. A frequenter of the theatres exclaimed the other evening before a large party, "Though Talma is very fine in *Sylla*, I prefer him in *Regulus*."—"Why so?" exclaimed several voices. "Why, because the scenery is much more beautiful!"

Sad and deserted as is the capital at this time, we have still some moments of hilarity, some small literary parties, and some amusing anecdotes.

In a village near Paris, a Professor lately gave his scholars, as a subject for composition, the description of a flower called *hearts-ease*, or *peasie*. The description began with a line from the poem of *Père Rapin*:

"*Flosque jovis variis foliis tricoloris et ipsi, etc.*"

The mayor of the village having seen the subject of composition, judged, in his magisterial wisdom, that the Professor was guilty of the crime of provocation to sedition and revolt, and had him arrested. He engaged to prove the criminality of the prisoner in the following manner:—"Flosque jovis, the flower of Jupiter, can mean none other than Napoleon; *foliis tricoloris* must signify the tricoloured flag—this is perfectly clear." The Professor soon exonerated himself from the charge, and was set at liberty; but the learned accuser is still mayor, and might be easily named.

An old and devoted admirer of religious pomp and processions, in a little town lately visited by the Missionaries, threw all his



energies into the question, "How he could best hang his horse during the expected procession?" After many considerations and consultations, he decided to cover it from top to bottom with sheets of a dazzling whiteness: first, because the Levites of old wore this consecrated colour; and secondly, as it described the purity of his heart and his faith. Unhappily the rain fell in streams all Saturday night; he passed the hours in sleepless agony, and with the dawn of day discovered, in consternation, that the horizon was still covered with portentous clouds. But oh, miracle of mercy! in a short time all was brilliant and serene, and never was seen a finer morning for a sacred ceremony. In the fulness of his joy and gratitude his sheets were all arranged; but that was not enough to express his zeal and piety, and the holy man must have an inscription. Most fortunately he found a distich, composed by Virgil for the fetes given by Cæsar; and with a slight alteration, produced these lines:

Nocte pluit tota; Redeunt spectacula mane;  
Divisum imperium cum Jove, CHRISTUS habet.

Thus by merely substituting Christ for Cæsar, the devoted worshipper divided the empire of the skies between Jupiter and Jesus. The missionaries were shocked—they ascribed the parody to a wicked and insolent philosopher. One of them made a sermon on the circumstance. The poor devotee, being deaf, did not hear a word of the discourse; and after it was finished, the *Marguillier* informed the Missionary that he had been attacking one of the pillars of the church.

I will endeavour to send a copy of the Latin verses of M. Marron, President of the PROTESTANT Consistory, presented to his Majesty in honour of the Statue of Louis XIV., and in praise of the Grand Roi who revoked the Edict of Nantes. The Protestants are indignant, the literati sneer, and the courtiers talk of his Ode to the *Roi du Rome*.

#### Extracts from preceding Letters.

Besides the usual prize of Poetry, the Academy this year distributed one granted by the King for the best production in Verse on the devotedness of the French Physicians and the Sisters of *la Charité* at Barcelona. This devotedness, in which national vanity is interested, has excited a degree of enthusiasm in the public. The verse compositions to which it has given rise would fill a good volume, and the number of the candidates for the Academy prize amounted to upwards of 130. Since the establishment of the French Academy, there has perhaps never been so strong a competition. In compliment to public opinion, the poets all thought themselves bound to exaggerate, and they have lauded to the skies the devotedness of the French Physicians who visited Barcelona; but a hundred others were inclined to go also; and what physician would have refused to treat an important disease, particularly when he received a commission to that effect from the government? The conduct of the *Sœurs de la Charité*, in visiting the hospital of Barcelona, is looked upon as sublime; and certainly for women to visit an infected city is a great effort of courage. This was a subject suited to poetic description, and several of our poets have successfully availed themselves of it. But some, faithful to the programme, have ridiculously extolled, as the *Deliverers of Barcelona*, the five French physicians who journeyed to that city, but who merely confined themselves to observing the

disorder. The prize was obtained by a young man, M. Alletz, whose mother was attacked by the plague at Barcelona, and was saved by the arrival of the French physicians. The gratitude of this young poet was by no means exaggerated, and his Ode appeared to have been inspired by filial piety rather than by the ambition of obtaining a reward. One of the most distinguished competitors was a young lady of 17 years of age, of the name of Delphine Gay, who had, with considerable delicacy, described the sisters of *la Charité* devoting themselves to the invalids of Barcelona, and returning to succour those of France, whenever the danger had ceased in Spain. The gallant Parisians bestowed warm plaudits on the poetic efforts of this young lady.—The next prize is to be given to the best poem on the Slave Trade.

A new Statue of Louis XIV. has been put up on the *Place des Victoires*. It is a curious fact, that the erection of this new monument took place precisely thirty years after the old one had been destroyed by the multitude. In the month of August 1792, all the statues of kings were broken in Paris, and in the month of August 1822, a new monument was raised in honour of the King, to whom flattery has given the surname of the *Great*, but who might with more justice have been called the *Absolute*; for, with the exception of Bonaparte, no French sovereign ever carried the egotism of power to such a length as Louis XIV. did. It was this monarch who presumed to say, *l'Etat c'est moi* (the state—I am the state); and in like manner Bonaparte said to one of the established sovereigns, his brethren, "Your first duty is to me, and your second to your subjects." A certain courtier, the Duke de la Feuillade, erected at his own expense to Louis XIV. the monument which, previous to the Revolution, adorned the *Place des Victoires*. The King was represented standing, and crowned by a figure of Victory, lightly resting on a globe. Had flattery stopped here, there would have been nothing extraordinary in the matter; but with the view of still further tickling the vanity of a sovereign accustomed to receive the incense of his subjects, the Marshal de la Feuillade placed at the four corners of the pedestal four slaves in chains, intended to represent the nations over whom the King had gained victories. This absurd misrepresentation and vile flattery was regarded as an outrage by the Powers who had been engaged in war with Louis XIV. The Elector of Brandenburg protested against the insult in a letter which is still preserved, and which has been published in Germany. But Louis XIV. was so intoxicated with vanity, that in spite of every protestation, he suffered the figures to remain; and it is singular that these four slaves, which are very well executed in bronze, were not only not destroyed by the mob along with the statue, which was of gilt lead, but that being preserved and placed at each end of the front of the *Hôtel des Invalides*, they were not even removed from this station by the Allies when they became masters of Paris in 1814 and 1815. They probably did not know what these figures represented, and never dreamed that they were the emblems of disgrace imputed to their ancestors.

The new Statue (probably cast from the bronze of its immediate predecessor Desaix, the real conqueror at Marengo, a republican general being thus converted into a very Christian and very monarchical king), repre-

sents Louis XIV. on horseback in the Roman costume, which with his royal wig forms a most ludicrous combination. But the wig was indispensably necessary, since Louis never appeared without that enormous head-dress, the fashion of which he introduced in Europe. The memoirs of his age go so far as to say, that he never took his wig off until he had fairly lain down in bed with the curtains drawn round him. M. Bosio, the sculptor, is an Italian artist, whose mouth is very much disfigured by a wound which he received in a duel. He has gained celebrity since the restoration, but before that period he was scarcely known; and he found so little encouragement in Paris, that he determined on returning to his native country. His friends, however, prevailed on him to try his fortune in France a little while longer; and since the peace he has been extremely successful. . . .

#### THE DRAMA.

THE theatrical changes have been greater this season than at any time we remember. Covent Garden, besides its Provincial acquisitions and novelties, has got Bartley, Pearson, T. P. Cook from the English Opera-House, Miss Paton from the Haymarket, and the admired Miss Kelly and Dowton (*on dit*) from Drury Lane. On the other hand, the exertions of Drury Lane have been rewarded by the engagement of a Corps de Ballet, under Monsieur D'Egville, and the accession of Young and Miss Stephens, and also of Liston. Two of the latter, however, are not, we are informed, bound to the theatre in the usual regular way. Mr. Young, for instance, is engaged at 20 guineas a night for thirty nights,—ten at the beginning, ten in the middle, and ten at the end of the season. Kean fills up the *interludes*. Miss Stephens also appears only periodically, not as a fixed star. This plan of operations may give the public variety; but if theatrical authorship was depressed before, it is calculated to sink it still lower in the mire, for what man of talent would write a play where its chance of a run was limited by the performers' engagements, in addition to all the other causes which have contributed to degrade our dramatic literature.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Monday last, *Hamlet* was played to a good house; and on Tuesday, Miss Chester, last from York, made her first appearance here as Mrs. Oakley in the *Jealous Wife*. The Comedy was altogether well cast, and we were sorry to see the theatre but poorly attended, as we wish the managers to be encouraged in giving us this species of entertainment. The debutante is not new to the London boards, having performed two or three years ago at Drury Lane, when we remember to have anticipated a good actress from her *then* qualifications. Now she is fairly an acquisition to the stage, having many requisites for the line of genteel comedy which she has chosen, and which is at present unusually deficient in efficient representatives. Her person is fine and tall, and her face on the stage handsome and expressive. Her profile strongly resembles the animated contour of Mrs. C. Kemble in the zenith of her dramatic powers. Her manner is generally good, though, in our opinion, a favourite swing of the body and a pet waving of the hand may both be advantageously avoided. Upon the whole, however, as Sir Harry Bagle says

of Harriet. "A fine going thing—she has a deal of foot—treads well upon her pasterins—goes above her ground. Points are all good." With regard to her mode of sustaining the character of the Jealous Wife, we do not consider it to be of the first order, though certainly deserving of high praise. To us she seemed to give more to gesture than it was worth, and less to expression than the part required. Her picture of rage was therefore better than her picture of disquietude and uneasiness. In short, her outline was excellent, and only wanted some of the minute finishing in details, which marks the perfectly accomplished actress. With the powers, perception, and execution she possesses, we have no doubt she will rapidly master these niceties, and become, still more than at present, an ornament to her profession.

A Petit Divertissement has been acted several times: the dancers (except Goss, who is a pretty little tripper) are hardly above mediocrity, and unless they are far beyond that standard, they are worth nothing.

On Wednesday, in the play of *Guy Rimering*, Mr. Pearman made his bow at this house, and was favourably received. The new performer, Mr. Evans, acquitted himself satisfactorily in *Dandle Dimmoit*, and Miss M. Tree topped the songs of Lucy Bertram.

On Thursday, Miss Lacy, from Dublin, appeared, for the first time in London, as Belvidera. Neither the effort nor the period of the week incline us to enter upon a detailed criticism. The lady is young and possesses considerable talents, but she is not yet competent to fill that highest walk of tragedy which has for some time been blank in our drama.

The elder Rovellino died last week in Sloane-street. He had retired from the stage for some years, but most of our readers may remember him,—a prominent member of the Italian Opera.

The Adelphi and Surrey Theatres opened on Monday.

Mathews arrived on the 5th ult. at New York, but the prevalence of the yellow fever there, it is stated, was likely to change his debut to Boston.

#### VARIETIES.

**Fonthill Abbey.**—The sale of effects at this extraordinary place has finally, after several postponements, been adjourned to the Greek Calends; and the whole, it is stated, disposed of by private contract. The purchaser is Mr. Farquhar, a nabob of immense wealth, and the purchase money 330,000*l*.

On the 13th ult. an Aërolite fell near Epinal, in France: its size was equal to that of a six-pounder-ball.

**Devastated Earthquake.**—The city of Aleppo was nearly destroyed by an earthquake on the 15th ult. This fatal visitation was also felt throughout the pashaliks of Aleppo and Tripoli: the towns of Antioch and Laidicea are, like Aleppo, in ruins; and it is stated that island rocks have been thrown up in the sea, near Cyprus. (Doubtful, Ed.)

**Oriental Literature.**—The Bombay Gazette mentions that an Alphabet has lately been discovered which will probably serve as a key to the ancient inscriptions in the Indian caves, such as Elephanta, Keseri, and others. Thus their date, uses and origin, may be ascertained, and stand instead of the existing wild oriental fictions concerning them.

*Subscription for repairing, &c. the Hospital of St. Bernard.*—By a Report of Professor Pictet, of Geneva, it appears that as far as could be ascertained, the subscription for this benevolent purpose; (which we earnestly recommended in the *Literary Gazette*), stood as follows in July last:

Received directly by the good Monks france. 4,275  
Amount of the sums hitherto received by Messrs. De Candolle, Turretini, & Co. for the benefit of St. Bernard, and which bears interest, to be added to the subscription..... 10,366

Total..... 14,641  
Among the contributions is one of 1200 francs from the Council of State of Geneva, which is the result of so singular an anecdote, that it deserves to be recorded:—One of those false collectors for St. Bernard, who have so often abused the confidence of the public, was discovered and arrested at Geneva two years ago, by M. De Candolle, the banker. This swindler, after having been imprisoned, was sent to the Valais, to which Canton he was subject. In the course of the proceedings he confessed that the 1200 francs found upon him, were the fruit of his collection at Geneva. The Government of the Valais honourably restored this sum to that of Geneva, which hastened to send it to the real owners, that is, to the Monks, whom the beneficence of the public in that city had intended to relieve.

—This year it is merely intended to apply what is called the *Système Calorifère* to the great kitchen chimney, which, by means of pipes, will heat the upper apartments. Next year it is proposed, as the subscription affords means, to augment the habitable part of the building, which at present is often insufficient for the accommodation of the number of travellers. It is a pleasure to be informed, that this winter these estimable Monks will be in the full enjoyment of a warmer and dryer abode than they have hitherto had, in cells where it froze every winter, and the walls of which were lined inside with a thick covering of hoar frost.

**Exaggeration.**—We last week exhibited the accuracy of the Parisian Journals in a description of our Theatres: this week we may match it with an example of their fidelity in an account of a scene (no doubt sufficiently odious without ultra-colouring)—the slaughter of a hundred rats (about 6 months since, but now published as recent) by a terrier in a short space of time, at the Cockpit, Westminster. To this spectacle, it is asserted that five or six hundred gentlemen and ladies, the most elegant in London, hurried. When the rats were expeditiously killed, it is added, a Homer was wanted to describe the joy of the ladies: the victorious dog was carried from bench to bench, and caressed, a *l'envi*, by the most delicate hands of Great Britain, then crowned with flowers, adorned with ribbons, and triumphantly paraded throughout that entire quarter of the city!! Some descendant of Mendez Pinto or of Mauchansen, more than worthy of his lineage, must furnish such intelligence to our Parisian newswriters. "Such (they ironically comment on their own falsehoods) are the pastimes of the 'Thinking People' of the nation which produced Locke and Newton."

**LITERARY NOTICES.**  
**Mr. Moore's New Poem!**—The lovers of poetry will be rejoiced to hear that a new Poem from the pen of Mr. Thomas Moore, will

shortly make its appearance (we believe in about two months.) It is entitled *The Loves of the Angels*, and is founded, as the epigraph shows, on the apocryphal book of Enoch, of antediluvian fame. The extract is as follows:—"It happened, after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful; and when the angels, the sons of heaven, beheld them, they became enamoured of them.—*The Book of Enoch, Chap. VII. Sect. 2.*" As a help to our readers' anticipations on this subject, we copy from Rees's *Cyclopædia* the notice under the head "Enoch":—"Enoch, the son of Jared and father of Methuselah, was the seventh in lineal descent from Adam, and born in the year B.C. 3382. Eminently distinguished by his piety and virtue in a corrupt age, he was translated to heaven in the 365th year of his age, without undergoing the pains of dissolution. An apocryphal book, entitled 'The Book or Prophecies of Enoch,' has been ascribed to this celebrated antediluvian, and is cited, as some say, by Jude in his epistle, and more certainly by Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, and other ancient fathers. But this book was probably forged in the second century. The Mahometans mention Enoch under the appellation of Edris, or Idris, and record many fables concerning him, which it is needless to mention."

The Hulsean Lectures for 1822, by the Rev. C. Benson, are in the press. They consist of a Series of Discourses on "Scripture Difficulties," divided into two parts.—Part I. contains an Enquiry into the Origin, Existence, and Interpretation of Scripture Difficulties in general. Part II. contains an Elucidation of some Historical and Moral Difficulties in the Book of Genesis.

*The Pisa Periodical* is to appear (it is advertised) on Tuesday. The name is *The Liberal*; and we see from our last page that it issues not from Lord Byron's publisher, but from the Examiner Newspaper Office. We presume that the copy was finished before Shelley's lamentable catastrophe.

Mr. Britton has published the *Prospectus* of a Historical and Descriptive Account of Fonthill Abbey; for completing which he has received great facilities, so that an interesting work, with beautiful engravings, may, we think, be certainly anticipated soon after Christmas.

**Antiquities.**—Accounts are on the eve of publication—1st, of Roman Antiquities discovered in Fife, on the site of the battle fought betwixt Gaius and Agricola, &c.; and 2d, of the Roman town of Castor, near Peterborough. Further excavations, and a well-digested account of the remarkable ruins at Sir W. Hicks', near Cheltenham, would, we speak from a recent examination, produce as much of antiquarian interest as any remains in Europe could furnish.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. O. F. will find a letter at our Office. We never even heard the name of the "eminent living writer" alluded to by O.

A. B. is like his signature, but at the beginning of literature; when he comes to about A. O. we won't say "No" to him, as we decisively do now.

We intend to sweep up a lot of Reviews in short notices: let this satisfy many Reviewers—others halt better.

Let still if they're wise,  
They'll be d—d if they rise.

#### ERRATA, LAST NUMBER.

p. 625, col. 1, line 11, for *Mastone* read *Montana*.  
p. 631, col. 2, line 9, after *we insert* would.



